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NATIONAL REPUBLICAN

GRANT AND WILSON

CAMPAIGN SONG-BOOK

"We'll Sing a Song for U. S. Grant."

Published by the UNION REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEE.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
1872.

GIBSON BROTHERS, PRIN[illegible] WASHINGTON.

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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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Republican Campaign Songs.

Grant and Wilson.

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

We come to chant the fame of Grant,
The nation's brave defender,
The victor on a hundred fields,
Who never will surrender.
Our Chief of State is good and great,
And freemen in communion
Have chosen Wilson as his mate,
To help him save the Union.
Chorus—Then join the throng and march along,
For Grant and Wilson rally,
With rousing song their praise prolong
From every hill and valley.

Let bard and minstrel proudly sing
His grand triumphal marches,
And make his civic honors ring
Through all the Union arches,
Till every freeman in the land
Shall catch the inspiration,
And Grant shall stand 'mid Freedom's band
The chief, by acclamation.
Chorus—Then join, &c.

And Wilson, too, is tried and true,
The friend of all who labor;
He renders to each one his due,
And loves him as his neighbor.
And 'tis his plan to give each man
Fair play to rise in station,
And, if he can, place in the van
The workers of the nation.
Chorus—Then join, &c.

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The people want to vote for Grant
And Wilson as their leaders,
And put to rest the vulture nest
Of mongrels and seceders.
Then down with all, both great and small,
The factions formed for plunder;
And let it fall beyond recall
With Cincinnati's blunder.
Chorus—Then join, &c.

Then wake the song in stirring rhymes
And swell the great ovation,
To greet the hero of the times,
Who nobly fills his station.
All hail to Grant, the country's pride!
Whose name, inscribed in story,
Shall through all coming time abide
In rare, unfading glory!
Chorus—Then join the throng and march along,
For Grant and Wilson rally,
With rousing song their praise prolong
From every hill and valley.

The Stately Statesman.

AIR—"The Minstrel Boy."

The stately statesman to his home has gone,
In the midst of his books you'll find him,
His printed "proofs" he still reads on,
But his venom he left behind him.
"Oh, land of *mine!*" said the lofty man,
"Though Grant he has betrayed thee,
One speech I'll make that will break his guard,
One Trumbull, or Schurz, shall praise *me!*"

The *speecher* spoke, but he spoke in vain,
Though he tore in tones of thunder;
The Senate, that once he could enchain,
Now rent his twaddle asunder;

And it said, "No shame can silence thee,
Thou fount of words—not bravery!
Thy flings will fail with the true and free,
But will gladden the friends of slavery."

Grant Campaign Song.

AIR—"Down in a Diving Bell."

We'll rally round our leaders, men,
We're arming for the fight,
We'll raise our glorious standard,
And battle for the right.
To swell our gallant army,
We'll come from hill and plain,
Grant shall win the victory
For President again.
Chorus—Let the drum and bugle sound,
We'll march to meet the foe;
Let our joyous shouts resound,
That all the land may know
The sons of freedom in their might
Have come from hill and plain,
To make our brave Ulysses
Our President again.

He is the hero of the age,
A noble statesman, too;
He safely brought our ship of State
The darkest dangers through.
Let every brave and true man
Come with our loyal band,
Till loud resounds the victory
From mountain, vale, and strand.
Chorus—Let the drum, &c.

And when the battle's over,
We homeward turn again,
We'll join the lovely lasses,
To music's thrilling strain;

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And loud the anthem swelling,
To Grant, our noble chief,
Who won our country's battles,
And saved the land from grief.
Chorus—Let the drum, &c.

Then rally round our leaders, men,
We're arming for the fight,
We'll raise our glorious standard
And battle for the right.
To swell our gallant army,
We'll come from hill and plain,
Grant shall win the victory
For President again.
Chorus—Let the drum, &c.

A Campaign Song.

Air—"Yankee Doodle."

In early days our fathers wore
Their home-made buckskin breeches,
Cut out by guess-work measurement,
With leather whangs for stitches.
And now their sons are called again
To rally 'neath the banner
Borne by these men of leather craft,
The Cobbler and the Tanner.
The North and South, the East and West,
Will work and sing together,
And march to glorious victory—
For nothing wears like leather!

We have some jobs on mongrel pelts,
And have the hands to do them;
Our Grant will neatly curry them,
And Wilson wax it to them!
The chopper up at Chappaqua
May go on with his planning;
We'll let him furnish all the *bark*,
But Grant will do the tanning!

The thin-skinned chaps will uppers make,
The tough old hides the nether:
The bolting, sorehead crowd will do
For nothing but split leather!

The "later Franklin," statesman, sage,
Philosopher and farmer,
Retired in cool and rural shades,
As days grow long and warmer,
Can milk the gentle butternut,
That grazes round with bell on,
And pan out butter sweet for Gratz
To spread his watermelon!
Or he may seize his ready pen,
In stormy, rainy weather,
And tell the world how shoe-pegs grow,
Or modes of smelting leather.

To spoil so fine a husbandman,
Who, perched up in the city,
Writes quires of what he never knew,
It surely were a pity.
No; let him breed the short-horn duck,
And Poland-China gobbler—
We'll burden with the cares of State
The Tanner and the Cobbler!
The grand array of Commonwealths
They'll bind, as with a tether,
That ne'er again shall broken be—
For nothing holds like leather!

The virtue, brains, and honesty
Of Horace they poke at us,
As if the Cincinnati fraud
Made him a Cincinnatus!
And while he seeks a season brief
Of rural peace and quiet,
Takes clam soup for his only drink,
And dirt his only diet!
His old white hat and old white coat
Have served all kinds of weather;
But they are like his principles—
They will not wear like leather!

The "outs" who run old Chappaqua
Our onset will remember,
When they confront our serried lines
In battle next November.
Our flag is borne by gallant hands,
Four million votes behind it;
Alas! where is the mongrel hope?
"Go West"—they cannot find it!
Like Grant, when in the Wilderness,
We'll "push" in spite of weather;
And "on this line we'll fight it out"—
There nothing is like leather!

Then Freedom's temple, rear it high!
And if we need a cap-stone,
Or key to bind a broken arch,
Take Henry Wilson's lapstone!
To guard it we must have a man
Who never halts or misses;
We've many soldiers tried and true—
None better than Ulysses!
The Tanner and the Cobbler are
The men to work together;
They'll win the field, and keep it, too
For nothing holds like leather.

Campaign Version of "John Brown."

We'll hang the "Liberal" Greeley on a sour-apple tree,
Because he bailed Jeff. Davis, and he set the traitor free;
He never can be President, as you can plainly see,
As we go marching on.
Hurrah! hurrah for Grant and Wilson!
Hurrah! hurrah for Grant and Wilson!
Hurrah! hurrah for Grant and Wilson!
As we go marching on.

The Soreheads and Copperheads at Cincinnati quoth—
"We'll beat 'the man on horseback!'" and they sealed it with an oath;
But wait until November, and he'll surely beat them both,
Chorus—As we go marching on, &c.

The Cincinnati thimble-riggers think they've hit the plan
To cheat the common people into voting for their man.
But when the votes are counted, General Grant will lead the van,
Chorus—As we go marching on, &c.

This Fourier-free-love Greeley, with his "triple sheet" *Tribune*,
A blowing for "protection" and the wicked French Commune,
To win the votes of Democrats he must sing another tune,
Chorus—As he goes marching on, &c.

He's a make-believe old farmer, and he wrote a foolish book,
Which now they say will win him votes from every farming nook—
They'll find the people never bite at such a naked hook,
Chorus—As they go marching on, &c.

The people can't be cheated by the color of his coat,
He's sailing up Salt river since he fairly got afloat.
"The Cincinnati Platform" is the title of his boat,
Chorus—As he goes marching on, &c.

Campaign Song.

AIR—"Never Mind the Weather so the Wind don't Blow."

My friends, I guess you all have heard
About that finely feathered bird—
They call him Horace Greeley. O,
With a long *black* tail as "white as snow."
Chorus—And away he went,
Then "let him went;"
Then let old Horace Greeley go,
And "never mind the weather so
the wind don't blow."

At Cincinnati he was hatched.
With a little Brown bird they had him matched,
And in a Chappaqua farmer's coop,
They placed this Dolly Varden group.
Chorus—And away they went, &c.

This last-named bird is one-half crow,
Which makes the people hate him so;
This bird once wore the keenest spurs.
And was captured by a man named Schurz.
Chorus—And away he went, &c.

This Greeley bird is a chanticleer,
With parrot tongue, and voice so queer
'Twould make you laugh to hear him crow,
And what he does 'bout "farmin'" know.
Chorus—And away he went, &c.

This pretty pair they safely bore
Unto the city of Baltimore,
To see if they would answer there,
To quiet those in dark despair.
Chorus—And away he went, &c.

They viewed them there from "top to toe,
Some said these fouls (fowls) we cannot go,
That oldest bird has said too much,
And the little Brown bird don't like the Dutch.
Chorus—And away he went, &c.

But the crowd said, boys, we'll gulp them down,
You swallow Greeley, I'll swallow Brown;
Though to relish them I swear we can't,
But *anything* to beat that Grant.
Chorus—And away he went, &c.

So they took them down—tail feathers and all—
They'll "throw them up" this coming fall;
For Grant and Wilson will show 'em a trick
That's bound to make their party sick.
Chorus—And away they went, &c.

A Grant Campaign Song.

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

Sound the bugle, beat the drum, wake the slumbering nation.
Rouse the people, bid them come from every class and station.

Now the struggle is begun, and it must soon be ended:
Gallant honors must be won, with shining laurels blended;
Rise, ye freemen, brave and strong—up for deeds of daring;
All the trophies to be won are worthy of your sharing.

See your foemen! what a mass of diverse name and faction!
Piebald soreheads! what a class now "clasping hands" for action!
How the spirits, blue and gray, meet in love together!
How the warblers sing and *pray*, birds of every feather!
What's the magnet that can draw such concord from confusion?
What's the solvent that can hold such opposites in fusion?

The attraction (some have taught) of all repellant forces
May some instant, quick as thought, draw planets from their courses:
When fair Venus, bless her stars, may fall as gay and freely
On the bosom of Old Mars as Democrats on Greeley!
Such the forces now at work, and such will be the meeting,
When the "Dolly Vardens" go to Horace Greeley greeting.

Sound the bugle, beat the drum; high unfurl your banner;
Round your leader, freemen, come; rally round the Tanner!
He's the hero who has won renown on fields of battle—
He's the victor who can tan the hides of Greeley cattle!
In November Grant will ride from victory to conquest;
And the people will decide for U—S the pending contest!
Chorus—Sound the bugle, beat the drum; high unfurl your banner;
Round your leader, freemen, come; rally round the Tanner;
He's the hero who has won renown on fields of battle;
He's the victor who can tan the hides of Greeley cattle.

—*Washington Chronicle.*

Campaign Song.

AIR—

A little bird sat on a Linden tree,
And he sang, and he sang, and thus sang he,
And the burden of his song and the chorus was this:
Oh, Horace! oh, Horace! you've sadly gone amiss;
We'd sing for you, Horace, but we can't "see the point;"
This tamp'ring with rebels puts your nose out of joint.
Tideree! tideree! get away! get away!
Stand from under, friend Horace, the devil's to pay!

And the little bird chattered and hopped about,
You ne'er can be President, you've "gone up the spout;"
Your bailing Jeff Davis was not the thing quite,
And the Ides of November will send up your kite.
The last *crop* you sowed will be cut by the frost,
And *you* will be sorry for the time you have lost.
Tideree! tideree! 'tis a pity that you
Such an *ignis fatuus* did ever pursue!

Chip! chip! chip! chee-wit! chee-wit!
We don't like your company, Horace, a bit.
You're prince of the *soreheads* of rebels, and such,
But you can't come to tea with your Carl Schurz crutch.
For although *sugar-coated*, you are destined to kill,
The Democracy *choked* when they swallowed the pill.
Tideree! chee-wit! you're behind the age,
There's trouble in store for "Chappaqua's sage!"

General Grant licked Jeff Davis; he'll wattle you, too,
And he'll lay on the timber until your hide is blue!
O whee! chee! O whee! but you surely will rue
The day you embraced the horrible crew.
Whittery! twittery! slinkumpin!
Get out of the way, you can't cum in!

What you "know about farming," go, husband it now,
Chop down your old trees and take hold of the plough;
Baked beans and potatoes make very good sauce
For petticoat candidates who feel very cross.
Whee! whee! whee! Jefferson Greeley,
I fear you are slimy, slippery, eely!

Farewell, Mother Greeley; the last graft you made
Knocked all of your former ones far in the shade;
You engrafted yourself with treason and spoil—
Hereafter, pure water will mingle with oil.
Tideree! "loyal" Horace, but you will look blue,
When election is o'er and they did not chose you.

And when you die honest (?) let your epitaph be—
"Here lies Mother Greeley, that once gentle she;
She died of a *sore head*. Alack! and alas!
That such a calamity should e'er come to pass."
Chitteree! chitteree! but the grandames will splurge,
And "Old Grimes" I will chant as your last solemn dirge.

Axe Grinding.

AIR—

There is a wood-chopper whose name is Greeley,
He chopped and he chopped long upon a big tree;
His axe took a slant,
And hit against Grant,
And turned the edge
For this poor sage,
This chopper, Mr. Horace Greeley—
This is he.

Ah! me, now says Horace, this axe I must grind,
To turn for this purpose, oh, who can I find?
This man of the quill,
He could not keep still;
For "President"
He had a scent,
This wonderful Horace Greeley. O dear me.

He soon found that others had tools that were dull,
Who thought it much better to grind up the whole;
In some place to meet,
Their job to complete—
But bear in mind,
The biggest grind
Is for him, this farmer Greeley, Do you see?

At Cincinnati, then, in Ohio State,
Was found a big stone for the small and the great;
This liberal thing,
'Twas said soon would bring
The keenest edge
On axe or wedge,
If held on with dexerity. Who'll it be?

The joke all can see in this singular call,
For most of these grinders—indeed, if not all—
Had tools that were hit
Upon this same grit;
This Grant they say,
Was in the way;
They'll turn, then, for honest Greeley,
All so free.

But here comes more help from the honest (?) and true;
The Tammany ring and the Baltimore crew
Will turn, all their share,
Or hold on with care,
And call it fun
To see it run,
While grinding for—Brown and Greeley,
It may be.

But hold my dear fellows, all you that are sane,
This turning and grinding will all be in vain.
The grit that you dread,
With Grant for its bed,
Just remember
Next November,
Will spoil all your axes, you see. Poor Greeley.

Princeton Republic.—

"Anything to Beat Grant."

AIR—

"Anything to beat Grant," the soreheads now rant
As they give utterance to their wishes;
Just let him be devil or let him be saint,
If he'll give us the "loaves and the fishes."

"Anything to beat Grant," for surely we can't,
Is the key-note all rebeldom pitches;
The song is the same, and so is the want,
That was echoed within its "last ditches."

The cry is the same we heard long ago,
When from traitor to traitor 'twas given,
As the "boys in blue" pressed down on the foe,
Till far from the field he was driven.

At Donelson, Vicksburg, and Shiloh, those words
Were sounded o'er hilltop and billow,
And *they* were the passwords of Forrest's vile hordes,
As they butchered the blacks at Fort Pillow.

At Andersonville, Salisbury, Belle Isle—
More loathsome than prisons for lepers—
And where the officials were cruel and vile,
From the highest commandants to keepers.

"Anything to beat 'Yanks'" was the password they gave,
Although it be accomplished by starving;
And if, by endurance, they find not a grave,
We'll help them by shooting and carving.

From the moment of Fort Donelson's fall
To the hour when their Lee was defeated,
"Anything to beat Grant" was the watchword of all,
By each Gen'ral and private repeated.

And now 'tis the motto of "Ku-Klux" in camp,
And hissed by the low Southern rabble,
While here it is echoed by each Northern scamp,
In each "sorehead" and Democrat cabal.

But Grant can't be beat by "bargain and sale,"
With the people around him assembled:
The "Lib'rals" and Locos before them shall quail,
As the traitors before him once trembled.

—*Washington Republican.*

A Dangerous Man.

AIR—

[Mr. Sumner says Grant is a bold, bad, dangerous man.—*Newspaper.*]

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
Said Floyd one gloomy night,
As out from Donelson he crept,
And took his hasty flight.
From Pillow's trembling lips there came
An echo sounding much the same.
And Buckner thought his chief was right,
Nor longer durst maintain the fight;
And from the fort hangs stripes and stars.
"That Grant's a dangerous man," said they;
And doubtless think the same to-day.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
Said Beauregard one morn,
And from the haughty traitor's brow
The victor's wreath was torn;
And from the field his legions went,
By orders General Grant had sent.
Then Shiloh's field was ours again,
Despite the host of rebel men,
Who came an army boasting loud,
And went a panic stricken crowd;
For Beauregard and all his men
Perhaps thought Grant was dangerous then.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
Said Pemberton one day;
"Entreaties are of no avail,
He will not go away.
A stubborn, mulish, dangerous man!
He wants our rebel hides to tan."
And still Grant's cannon raked the town,
Until the rebel flags came down;
And then our banners, rent and torn,
Were through the streets of Vicksburg borne.
The "bold, bad man," that glorious "Fourth,"
Sent gladsome tidings to the North.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant!"
And poor Bragg's eyes were dim
With tears; said he, "I know
'Tis useless fighting him."
And soon the cheers from Grant's brave men,
On Lookout's crest, told where and when
The rebel general had to run,
And what that "bold, bad man" had done.
"That Grant's a dangerous man!" he said,
As from the field his army fled.

"A bold, bad man is General Grant,"
Said Lee, "that's plain to see;
He must be very bold, indeed,
To think of whipping me."
Then Petersburg and Richmond fell;
And Appomattox—may be—well,
At last our hero's work was done;
The final victory was won.
Perhaps the people may forget
These things, but then they haven't yet.
They needed then such "dangerous" men,
And think, perhaps, they may again.

"A bold, bad, dangerous man is Grant!"
Jeff Davis thought the same
When, running off in crinoline,
He to the "last ditch" came.
A Ku-klux gentle voice was heard,
And "Grant is dangerous," averred.
It needs must be that this is so,
For all these rebels ought to know.
Then Hall and Tweed—good, honest men—
Say "Grant is bold and bad," and when
Such men declare it, then, forsooth,
Folks know that Sumner tells the truth.

—*Galena* (Ill.) *Gazette.*

Grant's What's the Matter.

AIR—

Bonfires blaze and cannons roar,
What, what's the matter?
Waves the good old flag once more,
What, what's the matter?
We rally 'round the brave and true—
Freedom's battle-cry renew,
Hurrah for Grant and Wilson, too,
That's what's the matter;
Grant's what's the matter now,
Grant's what's the matter,
To victory we're marching now,
That's what's the matter.

Listen to the people's voice,
What, what's the matter?
Grant and Wilson is the choice,
That's what's the matter;
On to Richmond long ago,
Grant marched and laid rebellion low
Again to Washington he'll go,
That's what's the matter;
Grant's what's the matter now
Grant's what's the matter,
To victory we're marching now
That's what's the matter now.

Blow the bugle, beat the drum,
What, what's the matter?
The year of jubilee has come,
That's what's the matter;
Grant and Wilson here we greet,
All foes before them must retreat,
For they're a team that can't be beat,
That's what's the matter;
Grant's what's the matter now,
Grant's what's the matter,
To victory we're marching now,
That's what's the matter.

"What I Know About the Beet."

AIR—"Little Brown Jug."

My friends and I have talked it o'er
And are agreed to strive no more:
We'll go for Grant and Wilson, too,
And leave Gratz *brown* and Greeley blue.
Chorus—Now huzza! hands and feet,
Grant and Wilson can't be beat.
Opossum boys in full retreat,
That's what I know about the beet.

Oh! Greeley wants to rent the farm
Of Uncle Sam a single term;
The people say it ain't to let
To help to pay the rebel debt.
Chorus—Now huzza! hands and feet, &c.

We'll give another lease to Grant,
Because he pays and Greeley can't;
And Wilson's good if Grant should die,
But ——Brown is bad security.
Chorus—Now huzza! hands and feet, &c.

When Jonathan was in distress
Grant led him through the Wilderness,
And when he got old Jeff in tow
'Twas Greeley let the traitor go!
Chorus—Now huzza! hands and feet, &c.

Ulysses at the race this fall
Will trot with Henry round them all—
The Horace humbug end in smoke.
Oh, won't that be the richest joke?
Chorus—Now huzza! hands and feet, &c.

Then Brown will take a fatal spree,
And rum and he no more agree,
And Horace write a book—to treat
On "What I know about my beet."
Chorus—Now huzza! hands and feet,
Grant and Wilson can't be beat;
Opossum boys in full retreat
Is all I know about the beet.

Campaign Song.

AIR—"Soldier's Farewell."—KINKEL.

Now put the ball in motion,
From East to Western ocean,
And then with shout so glorious
We'll join the throng victorious.
"When duty calls we must obey"—
Hurrah for Grant by night and day.

Shout for the "Natick Cobbler,"
The honest, fearless cobbler,
Who never shirked his duty,
Or sold himself for booty.
We'll hang this banner out to view,
Hurrah for Grant and Wilson too.

Rebels no more can rule us,
Or foes at home delude us;
Our watchword now as ever,
"The Union ne'er dissever."
On, on this line we'll fight it out,
For Grant and Wilson let us shout.

So Come Along and Swell out the Tune.

AIR—"So Come Along."

In Gotham there dwells a most wonderful man,
He's been all "things by turns"—for years in the van;
He wears a white hat, which stands as the banner
To rally the "motleys" who rail at *our* Tanner.
So come along with us and swell out the tune,
'Bout the used-up hat of the old *Tribune*.

What he knows about farming, takes pride in disclosing,
To tyros in ditching, and draining, and hoeing;
And in raising tobacco, to keep it from spoiling
He suggests, as it buds, to break the tin-foiling.
So come along, &c.

He counsels late ploughing, but don't think it right
To plough any *later* than ten o'clock at night.
And give the plough the rheumatism, too chronic to relate.
Or set a bad example by staying out too late.
So come along, &c.

He "eloquates" on root crops, and first among the number,
He says "Feed *Ruta-bagas* to Durham pigs, by thunder!
First, sow them deep in drills, and use the 'patent treddle.'
And you will have the '*piggest* crop for any one to peddle.'"
So come along, &c.

"Have a care in picking turnips too shortly after frost,
Don't pull them from the bushes, or many will be lost;"
So come along, come along, and swell out the tune,
"To raise the sweetest berries just lift them with a spoon."
So come along, &c.

To cap his wondrous efforts, he's growing a "*big beat*,"
As dessert for Democrats who boiled a "crow" to eat;
And this cooking both together will make unsavory feed
For the palates of a Schurz, a Sumner, and a Tweed.
So come along with us and swell out the tune,
'Bout the used-up hat of the old *Tribune*.

Our Grant Leads the Battle.

Air—"Wait for the Wagon."

Move on ye mighty heroes and swell the song of joy,
Our soldier's in the contest, in his triumphal jaunt;
So vote the ticket fully, without the least alloy,
And tell the world the victry is borne aloft by Grant.
Chorus—Then wait for the wagon, wait for the wagon,
We'll wait for the wagon, and vote for U. S. Grant.

No schism in our party, no Greeley hats we'll wear,
But true to all the Union the song will be extant.
No Greeley in our messes, no Brown is in our share,
But heading victry's column is noble U. S. Grant.
Chorus—Then wait for the wagon, &c.

Our nation, true and mighty, feels safe in Grant's command,
To bear the conflict onward without the least aslant,
No bloody battles raging, but olive branch in hand,
How well our country prospers with honest U. S. Grant.
Chorus—Then wait for the wagon, &c.

Four millions of our brethren from slavery's bonds set free,
Join in our happy triumph with songs most jubilant;
They'll all support the ticket that elected is to be,
And shout in wildest pleasure for honored U. S. Grant.
Chorus—Then wait for the wagon, &c.

Unbroken let our marches in rank and file be seen,
To fight the mongrel party of Greeley and his cant;
With peace upon our banners, all worthy hearts will glean,
The States of this great nation with votes for U. S. Grant.
Chorus—Then wait for the wagon, &c.

We'll never go for Greeley, for Greeley, never, no,
But put to flight his minstrels and hush their sickly rant;
We'll carry all the Union, and lay the traitors low,
And fight it out on this line, electing U. S. Grant.
Chorus—Then wait for the wagon, &c.

Hurrah! hurrah! forever, let not a single man
Stand back with churlish feelings, but strike the winning chant,
To lead the host to victory, now do the best you can,
And send to the Old White House our glorious U. S. Grant.
Chorus—Then wait for the wagon, &c.

We Will Fight on the Line.

AIR—

["I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."—*U. S. Grant.*]

We will fight on the line where we fought in the past.
With our banners aloft in the midst of the fray,
And our hearts and our hands in the conflict we cast,
Till our trophies of triumph we carry away!

Lo! the reveille calls us from slumber and rest,
As we gird on the armor anew for the field;
And the clarion of Freedom, with solemn behest,
Bids the warrior advance—but he never must yield.

We will fight on the line for the Union we love,
For the sake of the men who baptised it with tears,
For the blessings that beam from the Father above,
For the glories that circle its century years;
Not a link shall we lose of the wonderful chain
That has bound us as one in the strongest of ties;
Not a star shall we lose—not a valley or plain,
But shall join in the songs that roll up to the skies.

We will fight on the line for the rights of all men,
For the children that come from each nation and clime,
Till they learn the same songs, and the chorus, and then
Bind all their strong hearts in a union sublime;
Not a clank of a chain in this land of the free!
Not a fetter to rust with the tears of a slave!
Not a shadow to fall from the sea to the sea,
But the sunlight of Peace where its banner shall wave.

We will fight on the line till the conflict is o'er!
Till the spirit is dead that has lingered so long!
Till the light of the Truth on the ruins shall pour
New life for the dead, and the right for the wrong:
Till the warm Southern breezes new fragrance shall bear
To the hills of the North, which shall welcome the boon,
And the East and the West in the labor shall share
Which shall waken the South to the glory of noon.

We will fight it on the line for The Martyr that fell,
When the laurel of fame was entwined on his brow,
For the heroes that bowed to the shot and the shell,
And the children they leave to our guardianship now.
Every man to the front! We are comrades to-day!
At the call of the roll let each answer his name!
And the smoke of the field shall soon vanish away
To leave it with honor and glory aflame.

Fight we, then, on the line, for the strife is begun!
And the union of Peace is the prize just before;
Let the battle wear on—when the field has been won,
The foeman we meet we shall challenge no more!
But the field will give birth to new hopes for the age,
And the glories that love and redemption decree,
While the world shall behold in our golden-writ page
The new splendors that float o'er the home of the free!

NEW YORK, *June* 7, 1872. —WM. O. BOURNE.

The Colored Voters' Song.

AIR—"Tramp, tramp, tramp," &c.

In the early morning light
We will hail the glorious sight
Of our banner floating proudly in the air;
And we'll bless the chieftain brave
Who our native land did save,
And we'll keep him in the Presidential chair.
Chorus—"Grant, Grant, Grant!" the boys are shouting,
Loud hosannas fill the air.
To swap horses we'll not dream
While we're crossing o'er the stream;
So we'll keep him in the Presidential chair.

Though foul slavery's course is run,
And the jubilee begun,
Yet the foeman's muttered curses fill the air;
And to bury out of sight
All the wrong, the shame, the blight,
We will keep him in the Presidential chair.
Grant, Grant, Grant, &c.

On the "dark and bloody ground,"
Where the baying of the hound
And the slave-whip's cruel music filled the air;
There his bright sword cut the thong
That had bound our limbs so long,
So we'll keep him in the Presidential chair.
Grant, Grant, Grant, &c.

But our "liberal"-minded friends,
Just to suit their selfish ends,
  Now endeavor to convince our folks that we
Should "go back" upon the chief
Who has banished all our grief,
  And whose prowess in the battle set us free.
    Grant, Grant, Grant, &c.

"Nepotism," we suppose,
Is the cause of all their woes:
  Of quack "doctors" we advise them to beware,
And for their stomachs' sake,
A recess from care to take,
  And avoid the Capitol's "polluted" air.
    Grant, Grant, Grant, &c.

But we know they grieve and fret,
And their cheeks with tears are wet,
  For they say Grant's taking presents is a sin;
But we beg them bear in mind,
While their "axes they do grind,"
  That he nothing takes that don't belong to him.
    Grant, Grant, Grant, &c.

But no "bird" or beast of prey
E'er shall turn us from our way;
  "Doolittle," or do much, 'tis all the same;
For our "Garrison" is true,
And with his bright helm in view,
  We will do our duty on election day.
    Grant, Grant, Grant, &c.

To the wrong we'll never yield;
And we're locking shield with shield;
  And, despite of all our "Liberal" friends may say,
We are girded for the fight,
And will battle for the right;
  And we're bound to vote for Grant election day.
    Grant, Grant, Grant, &c.

Though the contest may be long,
We're nine hundred thousand strong;
  If they crowd us, we a million votes can throw;

And we vow, with lifted hand,
Hear it, O our native land!
That for Grant and Wilson we are sure to go.
Grant, Grant, Grant, &c.

—ELIJAH W. SMITH.

With Greeley You Can't Fool us.

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

Election day is coming on,
The day we choose our rulers,
And Grant's the man for President;
With Greeley you can't fool us.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle is the tune
Americans delight in,
'Twill do to whistle, dance, or sing,
And Grant's the man for fighting.

This Greeley—tell us, what is he?
A wily politician,
And slippery, too, as any eel,
He is ne'er in one position.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle is the tune, &c.

Once on a time this Greeley was
Republican so royal,
He could not bear the Democrats,
Because they were disloyal.
Chorus.

He called them all the filthy names
His head and heart could conjure;
And thus he belched out all his spleen,
In epithets like thunder.
Chorus.

The Democrats, pray, what are they,
But perjurers and liars?
They can't be trusted, and I vow
The scamps I can't admire.
Chorus.

The Democrats are ignorant,
And sottish, too, to boot, sir,
Love rum, hate niggers, and such like—
They are far below the brute, sir.
Chorus.

They are black-legs, burglars, murderers, thieves—
Keep dens of prostitution—
And thrive on others' ignorance,
They cause much destitution!
Chorus.

Lewd, ruffianly, and criminals,
Without one spark of grace, sir;
'Tis time such *vermin* should be crushed,
To give our country peace, sir.
Chorus.

Now, Democrats, this is the man
Has thus abused your party—
How can you give him your support,
For President, so hearty?
Chorus.

True, if you whip a spaniel dog,
He'll follow you more freely;
But will you imitate the brute,
And sneak on after Greeley?
Chorus.

We do not want a President
Who is the choice of traitors;
Hurrah for Grant! the only man,
To whip out Union haters.
Chorus.

And when election day comes on,
We'll vote for Grant right hearty;
We think more of our self-respect
Than of the *chow-chow* party.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle is the tune, &c.

Mooers, N. Y.—

Wilson and Grant.

AIR—

We meet to-night, prepared to fight
For victory once more;
We proudly come, with torch and drum,
And the loud cannon's roar.
We'll raise a note from every throat,
And sing a hearty chant;
Let's all unite to shout and fight
For Wilson and for Grant.
Chorus—For Wilson and for Grant, my boys,
For Wilson and for Grant;
Let's all unite to shout and fight
For Wilson and for Grant.

Let "soreheads" growl and loudly howl
For Greeley and for Brown,
But never fear, we'll raise a cheer,
That will their voices drown.
Let Horace teach, and Sumner preach,
Let Schurz and Davis rant,
We'll all unite to shout and fight
For Wilson and for Grant.
For Wilson and for Grant, my boys,
For Wilson and for Grant;
We'll all unite to shout and fight
For Wilson and for Grant.

The Boys in Blue are always true,
And Grant has been their pride,
From Vicksburg's height to Richmond's fight,
He's been their friend and guide.
Then let's unite, all hands to-night,
To sing the people's chant,
And it shall be full three times three
For Wilson and for Grant.
For Wilson and for Grant, my boys,
For Wilson and for Grant;
And it shall be full three times three
For Wilson and for Grant.

A Campaign Song.

AIR—"Kingdom Coming."

[Written for the Marietta Register, by the Muskingum Township Union Band.]

Say, Union boys, have you seen old Greeley
With the dough upon his face?
He has left the good old Union party,
And taken Jeff Davis' place.
The Union Greeley, ha! ha!
The secesh Greeley, ho! ho!
The "Anything to beat Grant" Greeley—
But he'll find he can't win so.

He went from New York on to Richmond
For to go Jeff Davis' bail;
He got hold then of the secesh feelings,
But the hold was on the tail!
For a better hold, ha! ha!
He had to bolt, ho! ho!
From the good and true old Union party,
But he'll find he can't win so.

When Greeley run the New York *Tribune*
He said that "B. Gratz Brown
Was a little red-headed party traitor"—
Just please to put that down!
With Brown, a traitor, ha! ha!
And Greeley a greater, ho! ho!
No true blue boy will go the ticket
And they will find it so!

Old Greeley's farming at Chappaqua,
And cutting all his trees;
He'll be left out in the cold, November,
So far that he will freeze!
So chop your wood, ha! ha!
'Twill do you good, ho! ho!
You'll need it after the fall election,
You'll find that this is so!

Not for Horace.

AIR—"Not for Joseph."

The people are arising now
In majesty and might,
They are resolved to fight again
The battle for the right.
And to elect that noble chief
Who, in the hour of strife,
Dismayed the foe on every field
And saved the nation's life.
(Spoken.)—And therefore, so accordingly, all the people say and sing—

Oh! dear, no! Not for Ho—
Do not bore us with old Horace!
Oh! dear, no! Not for Ho—
We can't go him! We go Grant!

The Democrats are all dismayed,
They say we're surely sold,
This Cincinnati ticket
Has left us in the cold
And then the secesh element
Appeared at Baltimore,
And ruled the roost and won the game
As in the days of yore.
(Spoken)—And therefore, &c.—

The people now see through the trick,
They see with half an eye
This long-laid game of him who sang:
"You lie, you thief, you lie!"
So let him go and chop his wood,
Or write for *The Tribune.*
The Guards, the tanners, boys in blue,
Are marching to this tune.
(Spoken.)—And therefore, &c.—

Now, out in old Missouri State,
Lives one who wears long hair,
The people call him B. Gratz Brown,
The dummy of Frank Blair,

And surely he can never beat
Our noble Wilson true,
The soldier's friend throughout the war;
We pledge to him his due;
(Spoken.)—And all the people say, &c.

And now, my friends, you take your choice,
Election is at hand.
Throw up your cap, hurrah for Grant,
And join us in our band,
For surely in November next
You'll hear the welcome shout
That Grant, who never has been whipped,
Has put these foes to rout.
(Spoken.)—And all the people say, &c.

—C. B. PALMER.

Campaign Song.

TUNE—"Old Tip's the Boy."

Grant is the man will surely win,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
To vote for Greeley would be a sin,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
His nag is lame, the people say,
He cannot run on election day;
Make ready, then, and clear the way,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Did Horace hear the news of late,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
From the old North Car'lina State?
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Now North Car'lina's Union too,
Has proved herself both good and true,
And tells what other States will do.
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

That Sumner letter would not do,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Our colored friends proved firm and true,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Since we all know our cause is right,
We'll go to work with all our might,
And put the mongrels all to flight,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

To all soreheads and Liberals too,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We have a word to say to you,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We'll try to save you from disgrace,
If you'll come back into your place,
For we will surely win the race,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Now let us all with one accord,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Work on till Grant gets his reward,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Our noble hero of the West
Knows what will suit his country best,
He's firm and true, he stood the test,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

We, the People.

AIR—

We, the people, want to know
If that aged cipher
Who once bailed the nation's foe
Now is Freedom's fifer;
If his "On to Richmond" cries
From *The Tribune's* steeple,
And his modern lullabies
Please the Southern people.

We, the people of the age,
Ask if men are scanty,
That they bring upon the stage
Such a weak old auntie?
Like a rhyme that lays pretence
To a dozen meters—
Like a chicken on the fence,
Or a board that teeters.

Reaching to the White House latch—
(Ah! the joke is charming,)
Telling from his little patch
What he knows of farming;
Looking to the powers that be,
Like a very valet,
Turns the hue of ev'ry tree
Only for a ballot.

Very tenderly we speak
Of the aged sinner,
Who has been, through life, too weak
Ever to be winner.
While we trust (the wish will slip,
We've no heart to chide it)
That the man who saved the ship,
God will Grant to guide it.

A Grant Song.

AIR—"Rally 'round the flag."

We'll sing a song for U. S. Grant,
So listen while we tell—
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
Of one who for the last four years
Has ruled the nation well—
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
Chorus—The Union forever! Hurrah boys, hurrah!,
Down with old Greeley
And up with the star;
Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
Rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

We're bound to keep him President
No matter what they say,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
We'll sing for him throughout the night
And vote for him by day,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
Chorus—The Union forever! &c.

Now sitting in the White House, he
Is doing all he can,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
He never can be beaten
By any Greeley man,
Shouting the battle-cry of plunder!
Chorus—The Union forever! &c.

He planned our battles, fought and won,
Did peace and victory bring,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
Without the aid of Ku-Klux Klans
Or of the Tammany Ring,
Shouting the battle-cry of plunder!
Chorus—The Union forever! &c.

Let others blow for Horace G.
And for his old white hat,
Shouting the battle-cry of plunder!
But soon they'll sing another tune,
You may be sure of that,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
Chorus—The Union forever! &c.

Our Nation now is prosperous
And peace stands at the door,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
He has reduced the public debt
Three hundred millions o'er,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
Chorus—The Union forever! &c.

We know there cannot be a doubt
That Grant will keep his seat,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
For Horace Greeley says himself
Ulysses can't be beat,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
Chorus—The Union forever! &c.

Then all you "old-line Democrats,"
We want you all to know,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
That when you're taking Horace down
You're eating hard-boiled "crow,"
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!
Chorus—The Union forever! &c.

—*Whig and Courier.*

Grant is at the Helm, Boys.

AIR—

Oh, see the gallant ship of State,
With freedom's flag on high;
She throws the angry waves aside,
And dashes proudly by.
For Grant is at the helm, boys,
Silent, calm, and firm:
And he shall be our pilot, boys,
Still another term.

Oh, see the gallant ship of State,
Her crew is true and tried;
How steadily she holds her course
Upon the foaming tide.
For Grant is at the helm, boys,
Silent, calm, and firm;
And he shall be our pilot, boys,
Still another term.

Oh, see the gallant Ship of State,
She'll reach that harbor yet;
While smiling skies look ever down
And storms are never met.
For Grant is at the helm, boys
Silent, calm, and firm;
And he shall be our pilot, boys,
Still another term.

—*N. Y. Standard.*

Witches' Scene from MacGreeley.

WHICH IS SEEN TO BE A FACT.

AIR—

Round about the caldron go,
In the nauseous notions throw!
Scalp of Davis, Trumbull's hair,
Head of Cochrane, hand of Blair,
Palmer's late disjointed nose,
Voorhees' fingers, Hendricks' toes,
Jeff's bedraggled petticoat,
Sumner's speeches, learned by rote,
Greeley's old secession writing,
Ku-klux laws, like caustic biting,
Stephens' sermons, dull and dry,
Mixed with concentrated lye,
Moistened well with brandy straight,
Say six glasses—may be eight.

Double, double, toil and trouble!
Let the caldron boil and bubble!
Here the "Liberal" hogs must wallow,
All they hated they must swallow.

Round the caldron sweat and sing,
In the unpleasant items fling!
In the pot the 'possum throw,
Breast of buzzard, craw of crow,
Cherries ripe, and claws of crab,
Make the mixture thick and slab;
State-rights doctrines simmered down,
Old Democracy done brown,
Schurz's sweetest German tones,
Union soldiers' buried bones,
Toombs' spite and Piatt's gabble,
Northern mudsills, Southern rabble,
Wise's nonsense, Sumner's cant—
Anything on earth but Grant!

Double, double, toil and trouble!
Let the caldron boil and bubble!

Stir the monstrous mixture well,
Taste it often, never smell;
Fear no stroke of cholera morbus,
While our hopes of spoil absorb us.

Dance about the boiling pot,
Keep the mixture thick and hot;
Round about the caldron go,
Horace White will puff and blow;
Schurz will help them, somewhat loth,
Both the Blairs will boss the broth,
Throw in Tipton, toss in Tweed,
Admiral Semmes, and Whitelaw Reid;
Dana's sunshine, Pomeroy's bricks,
Will like oil and water mix.
Add the poisonous copperhead,
Pile in memories of the dead,
John Brown's body, Johnston's ghost,
Shackles, chains, and whipping-post;
Pryor's pistol, Brooks' cane,
Blood of patriots spilled in vain—
Such a mess will free the nation
From its nervous (hic!) prostration.

Double, double, toil and trouble!
Let the caldron boil and bubble!
Dip your spoons and all begin.
* * * * * * *
O, creation! it's too thin!

ENTER M'GREELEY.

MacG.—How now, ye dark and secret midnight hags; what do ye here?
First Witch.—A deed without a name.
MacG.—You lie, you villain! you lie!

Campaign Song.

AIR—"The Days when we went Gypsying."

From North to South, from East to West
The rallying cry we hear;
"Ulysses Grant and victory"
Re-echoes far and near.

For he it was who saved our flag
From infamy and shame,
And led our fighting boys in blue
To glory and to fame.
Chorus—Hurrah for Grant! hurrah for Grant!
And let the chorus be
Success to him who led us on
To many a victory.

At Donelson he met the foe,
And quickly made them yield;
At Shiloh, though the work was hot,
Ulysses won the field.
And then he called on Pemberton,
And filled him with dismay,
And taught him how to celebrate
Our Independence day.
Chorus—Hurrah for Grant, &c.

From field to field Ulysses went;
At last the conquered Lee
Surrendered sword and army, too,
Beneath the apple tree.
And so the war was ended there,
The people think it fair
That Grant should occupy again
The Presidential chair.
Chorus—Hurrah for Grant, &c.

And Wilson, too, the people want,
And will not be denied;
A statesman, faithful, brave, and true,
Who has been often tried.
Then fling our banner to the breeze,
The red, the white, and blue;
And push the column forward, boys,
For Grant and Wilson, too.
Chorus—Hurrah for Grant, &c.

The rebel chiefs may rave and shout
For Greeley and for Brown;
November next will tell the tale,
And send them further down.

We beat them on the battle-field
In many a bloody fight,
We'll conquer at the ballot-box,
For we are in the right,
Chorus—Hurrah for Grant, &c.

The Presidential Race.

AIR—"Camptown Races."

The Presidential race is on,
Du da, du da,
Who first will get to Washington?
Oh, de du, da day.
There are two flyers on the course,
Du da, du da,
The fast Grant nag and Greeley horse,
Oh, who will win the day?
Chorus—The Grant nag runs it free,
The Greeley horse is lame,
He has too big a load, you see,
He ne'er can win the game?

The steed which bears the glorious flag,
Du da, du da,
Of Grant was never known to lag,
Oh, de du, da day,
He was in front at Donelson,
Du da, du da,
He dashed at Vicksburg and 'twas won,
He always wins the day.
Chorus—The Grant nag, &c.

In the wilderness he took a brush,
Du da, du da,
At Petersburg he made a rush,
Oh, de du, da day,
His final tilt at General Lee,
Du, da, du da,
Forever made the nation free,
Oh, blessed, glorious day.
Chorus—The Grant nag, &c.

This horse then took a White House stall,
Du da, du da,
He went there at the people's call,
Oh, de du, da day,
He's saved a mighty heap of grain,
Du da, du da,
We'd better send him there again,
That's what the people say.
Chorus—The Grant nag, &c.

And now about this Greeley steed,
Du da, du da,
He's spavined, ring-boned, rode by **Tweed,**
Oh, de du, da day,
Old Tammany has clipt his tail,
Du da, du da,
And now he feeds on Davis' bale
Of Democratic hay.
Chorus—The Grant nag runs it free,
You all may bet on that,
And in November you will see
Him smash that Greeley hat.

We Shall Solid Go For Grant.

AIR—"Suit Yourself."

There is great commotion going
On within the country now,
Liberal politicians "blowing"
How the people prone should bow
Down before Gratz Brown and Greeley.
But we spurn their foolish rant,
And upon the day of voting,
We shall solid go for Grant.

Fret and fume with all your fury,
Spread the eagle, burst the gun;
Yet the people are the jury,
And will beat you at that fun,
For they reason well and cipher,
And have seen the elephant;
So upon the day of voting,
We shall solid go for Grant.

Those reformers (?) who are blowing,
Better had themselves reform,
For the people are quite *knowing*,
And can look beyond the storm.
And they know right well you're lying
When you Horace Greeley chant;
So, upon the day of voting,
We shall solid vote for Grant.

Then blow on with all your bellows,
Kiss the cat, and eat the crow;
Ye are 'tarnal mighty fellows,
And may make an ugly show.
But I swear by all that's lovely,
That elect your man you can't;
For so soon it comes to voting,
We shall solid go for Grant.

Old Men's Grant Meeting.

AIR—"Benny Havens, O!"

Well, wife, we've had a meetin' at the school-house on the hill,
And I was chosen chairman, to keep the old men still;
But I found I couldn't do it; each man down his cane would plant,
And shout with all the voice he had, "I'm goin' in for Grant."
Chorus—We're goin' in for Grant,
We're goin' in for Grant;
Then shout aloud and tell the crowd
We're goin' in for Grant.

We talked about the last four years, what great things had been done;
How the nation's debt had melted like the snow before the sun;
We said, to keep it meltin', do a better thing we can't,
Than to stick and hang together, and all go in for Grant.
Chorus—We're goin' in for Grant, &c.

We all looked through our spectacles upon the naked facts,
Then drew the veil of charity o'er giant Sumner's acts:
We said, "We like you, Sumner, but go your way we can't"—
Then made the school-house echo with a rousing shout for Grant.
Chorus—We're goin' in for Grant, &c.

We didn't have much charity for Trumbull or for Schurz,
They stand around the party gate, a pair of snarling curs;
Their speeches cannot harm us, nor make Grant toe the mark,
He's an old Galena tanner, and knows how to handle *bark*.
Chorus—We're goin' in for Grant, &c.

We talked about Grant's smokin'; we thought it no great sin—
To vote that out of office we might vote a worse one in;
And seein' we were smokers, 'twouldn't do for us to rant,
So we lit our pipes together, and smoked the health of Grant.
Chorus—We're goin' in for Grant, &c.

In the days of the rebellion none of us could go to fight,
But we read from morn till evening how he battled for the right;
He has been the nation's servant in the days of peace and war,
And treason melts before him like the smoke from his cigar.
Chorus—We're goin' in for Grant, &c.

After I'd adjourned the meetin' I gave each the friendly grip;
We every one determined to stand by the war-tried ship;
We will not topple over, we will not even slant,
But put our canes down firm and strong, and stand up straight for Grant.
Chorus—We're goin' in for Grant, &c.

—JOHN H. HAYES.

The Young Men's Grant Meeting.

AIR—"Benny Havens, O!"

So the "Old Men" had a meeting! well, that's news I like to hear,
For, if they lead the vanguard, we may follow without fear:
If our *fathers* cut old Greeley I don't see why we can't;
So we young men called a meeting to talk about old Grant.
Chorus—We will stand by General Grant,
We will stand by General Grant,
And elect for our next President
The hero, U. S. Grant.

Yes, we had a rousing meeting in the new Masonic Hall,
And that grand and spacious building was full from wall to wall;
And each delegation carried the good "Red, White, and Blue,"
While on each banner was inscribed, "We'll stand by Grant, the true."
Chorus—We will stand by General Grant, &c.

Ulysses was not there; no, nor Wilson nor Colfax—
They left it for the YOUNG men to wield the battle-axe,
And right bravely did they do it—speaking out their bold intent
To support no other candidate but Grant for President.
Chorus—We will stand by General Grant, &c.

We know Grant smokes, and so do we, and if Greeley don't look out,
On the 9th of next November we will surely smoke him out;
And then of course he'll have to go, (the prospect is most charming,)
Back to edit *The Tribune* and theorize on farming.
Chorus—We will stand by General Grant, &c.

We had many speeches there, and they were good and strong;
And loud and lusty were the cheers that rose from out the throng;

For they thought of the rebellion, and General Grant, the true,
Who took Richmond and the rebels, which no one else could do.
Chorus—We will stand by General Grant, &c.

But 'mid the other speakers there was one who rose and said:
"I had a father, brother, too, who nobly fought and bled
For that old Starry Banner, and they sleep beneath the sod,
And I've none left but my mother, my country, and my God!"
Chorus—I will stand by General Grant, &c.

"I've lost two limbs in battle, as you, my comrades, know,
I don't begrudge the sacrifice, they're gone, and let them go;
But I want all brave and true men to stand by Grant and right,
And put the rebel Democrats to most inglorious flight."
Chorus—We will stand by General Grant, &c,

Then we raised one hand to Heaven, put the other on the heart,
And swore by that old Banner to nobly do our part,
And show the Greeley faction that there's no such word as can't,
When we battle for our country with a leader such as Grant.
Chorus—We will stand by General Grant, &c.

And so you see we're ready; though Greeley's on the track,
We'll meet the allied forces and bravely press them back;
They may swear and sweat and swagger with all their "Liberal" cant,
We're bound for our next President to have the hero, Grant.
Chorus—We will stand by General Grant, &c.

The Old White Hat.

AIR—"When this old hat was new."

When this old hat was new, my boys,
The Democrats swore freely,
And day and night, with great delight,
They damned old Horace Greeley.

But now a change has o'er them come,
The like I never saw,
They now are wearing Greeley hats,
And shouting Chappaqua.

Charles Sumner's now a patriot,
A "statesman tried and true."
But Bully Brooks broke Sumner's head,
When this old hat was new.
The Democrats all cried well done,
And said he'd got his due,
And swore they'd hang old Greeley next,
When this old hat was new.

When this old hat was new, my boys,
Dan Voorhees was the man,
Whose tall, proud form to victory led
The Democratic clan.
But now they have ruled Daniel out;
They say he will not do,
Because he stands right where he stood,
When this old hat was new.
But Daniel will not stand the storm;
He soon will come to "taw,"
He yet will sing in sweetest strains
The song of Chappaqua.

When this old hat was new, my boys,
The very air was rent
With shouts from Democratic throats
For a "white man's guv-er-ment."
But now they talk of equal rights
For every race and hue,
And turn their backs on all they said,
When this old hat was new.

But still it does seem strange to me,
'Tis hard to think so, really,
That Hendricks should be shoved aside
For nigger-loving Greeley.
For Hendricks was a Democrat—
And to his party true,
While Greeley was its direst foe,
When this old hat was new.

But let us take our dish of dirt,
And try and put it through,
And turn our backs upon the past,
When this old hat was new.
And when we get old Greeley in,
We'll send him to that shore
Where Harrison, "Zack" Taylor, too,
And Lincoln's gone before.
And then with Gratz and cousin Frank,
And all of the Blair crew,
We'll soon restore the days of yore,
When this old hat was new.

—*Chattanooga Herald.*

Democratic Campaign Song.

AIR—"Rally round the Flag, Boys."

We have labored in the East, and we have figured in the West,
But vainly yet to capture all the plunder;
Now we'll swallow down the cuss who has roweled us the worst,
And fight for the offices like thunder!
Chorus—Offices forever,
Hooray boys, hooray!
Up with old Greeley, and down with Gen'ral Grant!
We'll rally round the *Tribune*, and hug our ancient foe,
Shouting our battle-cry of plunder!

Now we'll work throughout the North, and we'll fetch 'em in the South,
Through Tammany and all the Ku-Klux-Klanners;
'Neath the stars and bars we fight—for the South was always right,
With Greeley and Jeff. Davis on our banners.
Chorus—Offices forever, &c.

We go the "New Departure" in a very thrifty way,
For the flesh-pots of Egypt we are sighing;
And the devil we would take, the power of Grant to break,
For our awful hunger there is no denying.
Chorus—Offices forever, &c.

So close up the party ranks, and crack the ancient lash,
That always made us step and pull together;
Any pilot in a gale, to watch o'er our ragged sail,
And take us through a desperate spell of weather.
Chorus—Offices forever, &c.

Penn Yan Express.

We Can Hoe the Rows.

AIR—"Kingdom Coming."

O, darkies, have you seen Charles Sumner,
With a letter in his hand,
Go down the street some time this morning,
As if to leave the land?
He hates old Grant and the 'Publican party,
And gives 'em hail Columb!
I shouldn't wonder if next November
He will wish he had been dumb.
Chorus—Charles Sumner stops, ha! ha!
The world moves on, ho! ho!
He'll soon find out that we can get along without him,
And that we can hoe the row.

The time's gone by when we used to be driven,
And nobody's lash we fear;
We can tell Charles Sumner that he won't make a livin'
By being our overseer.
Our bodies ain't bought or sold any more,
For cash or Confedrit notes,
And some folks will find that they ain't doin' much
At sellin' the colored folks' votes.
Chorus—Charles Sumner, &c.

We can't yet see why we ought to fling over
The party that made us free;
How Democratic rule is going to be a blessing
Is something we never can see.
We ain't quite ready to give up our freedom,
In spite of Charles Sumner's cant;
So we'll keep right along and do our own voting,
And all go solid for Grant.
Chorus—Charles Sumner, &c.

—*Missouri Democrat.*

Campaign Song.

AIR—"Marching Through Georgia."

We've another contest coming for Freedom's holy cause,
We've another contest coming to vindicate our laws,
And Grant once more's our candidate, he is the coming man;
God give us Grant again and freedom.
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! for Grant and Wilson too,
Hurrah! hurrah! for they're loyal and they're true;
They'll lead us on to victory, they will our foes subdue,
God give us Grant again and freedom.

Our convention has been called, and 'twas represented true,
From California's golden land to the dark Penobscot blue,
And with voices all united, that thrilled our country through,
Shouted, God give us Grant again and freedom!
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! for Grant and Wilson, too, &c.

Now our banners they are floating, and inscribed you'll there behold
Another name in Freedom's cause long years ago enrolled;
'Tis the name of Henry Wilson—traitor's bond cannot enfold,
God give us him with Grant and freedom.
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! for Grant and Wilson, too, &c.

The nation's heart is throbbing, and exulting beats again;
The triumph of our glorious past we did not pledge in vain,
And as by inspiration, enraptured bursts the strain,
God give us Grant again and freedom!
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! for Grant and Wilson, too, &c.

Our noble Grant is loyal, he's fearless, and he's brave;
He's triumphed on the land and he's triumphed on the wave;
He's triumphed o'er rebellious foes, he has our country saved,
God give us Grant again and freedom!
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! for Grant and Wilson, too, &c.

—G. W. BUNKER.

To Our New Friend, The Old Democrat, H. G.

AIR—"The Groves of Blarney."

Like the waves of ocean, in wild commotion,
Our deep devotion runs high for you.
O, darlin' Horace—for you'll do for us,
What we've been sthriven' these tin years to do!
For nixt Novimber, agra, reminber,
You must lave yer timber and sweet Chappaqua,
To lade the nation, with self-abnegation,
To the highest station that it ever saw.

With circumspection, but no subjection,
At the next election we'll cast our votes;
While no sojers fearin', there'll be wild cheerin',
And lashins of rum in bowld Democratic throats.
Then, whin 'tis over, like a cowlt in clover,
Each rebel rover can frisk and play;
O, what fond hand-shakin' and merry-makin',
And Radical quakin' you'll see that day!

Then the b'ys 'll meet you, Tammany greet you,
Our Ring will treat you to cowld wather straight,
In commimeration of our great salvation,
An' your elevation to the chair of State!
Your quick conversion we won't be harsh on,
'Tis good divarsion for the b'ys to tell
Of our deprivation in your long separation
From the thrue owld party that you loved so well!

O, 'tis I would show it, if I wor a poet
Like Misther Dana or Big Six's chief,
How the Sage Woodchopper never tells a "whopper,"
Nor cares a copper for the Radical belief;
But was meditatin' and slyly waitin'
For a chance of batin' the Abolitionists,
And over war's chasm without a spasm,
With enthusiasm to clasp the Johnnies' fists.

How all yer writin' our prospects blightin'
By day and night in the owld *Tribune*,
Was done in kindness, tho' bekase of blindness,
We couldn't see it in your organ's tune!

But, now, Sage, farmer, and party charmer,
We see no harm or ill-will in that;
Shure you're wan of us now, an' we won't discuss now
Unpleasant subjects with the owld white hat!

Like Alexander, the great commander,
I'm told you'll meander in a coach and four,
To the spacious White House, which stands convaynent,
With illigant gardens and cabbages galore!
There Gineral Jackson, that laid hard whacks on
The Saxons' backs on that day of fate,
On his horse astraddle, with a golden saddle,
Keeps guard undauntedly forninst the gate!

'Tis there through bowers bedecked with flowers
You may roam for hours like a fairy prince,
Where the sweet persimmons an' the luscious limons
Hang from one stim on the high garden fince!
There the thumpin praties, likewise tomaties,
And ponderous pumkins an' gay oysthers grow!
Wid yer fancy farmin' the place 'd be charmin',
You could so improve it with your axe an' hoe!

But och! how humblin' 'twill be, if crumblin',
Our castles tumblin' shall bury our hopes,
And Grant, the tanner's, victorious banners
Eclipse all Carl Sumner's rhetorical tropes!
Though like waves of ocean in wild commotion,
Our deep devotion runs high just now—
Since there's nothin' certain, and the lifted curtain
May show new laurels on Grant's martial brow!

NEW YORK, *July* 23, 1872. —*New York Times.*

The Fighting Tanner.

AIR—"Root, Hog, or Die."

There was a fighting tanner
That lived in Illinois,
Who bore aloft the banner
That treason would destroy;

The rebels came to meet him,
With bay'net, shot, and shell,
And swore they would defeat him,
But he tanned their jackets well.
Chorus—Ku-klux and Tammany,
Birds of a feather,
Jackdaws and carrion crows,
All flock together.
Oh, march along.

There was a mighty farmer,
That lived at Chappaqua,
Of "Copperheads" a charmer,
A man of "higher law;"
Says he, "I'll beat the tanner,
In any kind of weather."
But Grant had on his banner,
"There nothing is like leather."
Ku-klux, &c.

The rebels vote for Greeley,
The freedmen vote for Grant;
The White House race will freely
Make Horace sweat and pant;
But Grant will be the winner,
For he's the boy can ride—
The "old white-coated sinner"
Will lose coat, hat, and hide.
Ku-klux, &c.

The boys who marched to battle
To save the stricken flag,
Who faced the cannon's rattle,
And ne'er were known to lag,
Say that they'll finish treason
With paper bullets now,
And leave old "Cincinnatus"
At Chappaqua to plow.
Ku-klux, &c.,
Boys march along!

And sires of gallant soldiers,
And all that love the right,
Will gather round Ulysses
And aid him in the fight;
And high shall float their banner,
And millions shout for joy,
When conquering comes the tanner
That lived in Illinois.
Then Ku-klux and Tammany,
Birds of a feather,
Jackdaws and carrion crows,
Will fly away together.
Oh, march along.

—*Washington Chronicle.*

Tar and Turpentine.

AIR—

We all went down to North Car'line,
With heads erect and feeling fine—
With pockets filled and all complete,
To give old Grant a grand defeat.
Chorus—No credit at the bar again,
When we came back from North Car'line.
We'll never go so far again,
And won't invest in tar again,
Nor ever deal in turpentine.

The best of all our bummers went,
And greenbacks by the cord they spent;
Our ballot-stuffers, too, were there,
To do as much as men could dare.
Chorus—But little did we gain for that,
When we came back from North Car'line,
Our tricks were quite too vain for that,
And all we got was pain for that,
And lost our tar and turpentine.

Though well we made old Belmont bleed,
With Hoffman, Oakey Hall, and Tweed,

And though our speakers stirred their pegs,
And through the sand they drew their legs.
Chorus—Yet that was all we made of it,
When we came back from North Car'line,
Our men are now afraid of it;
They do not like the grade of it,
And won't invest in turpentine.

We lied as well as men can lie,
And set the Liberal figures high;
But that was all the worse at last,
For we were several hours too fast,
Chorus—We'll have to quit our lying now,
When we've got back from North Car'line.
No use in any trying now,
For all our foes are crying now:
"Hurrah for tar and turpentine!"

We all were fat, well-fed with crow,
When we meandered down below;
But there was something in the air
That made us very thin and spare.
Chorus—No credit at the bar again,
When we come back from North Car'line.
We'll never go so far again,
And won't invest in tar again,
Nor ever deal in turpentine.

Missouri Democrat. —CARL BRENT.

Campaign Song.

AIR—"Camptown races."

The Lib'ral game is a game of brag,
Don't bet your money on any such nag,
There's Greacy Horace and Big Brown Rat,
Good enough bait for the Democratic trap.
Oho!
Chorus—We're bound to run all night,
We're bound to run all day,
We bet our money on U. S. G.;
Who bets on Chappaqua?

The old gray coat and old white hat!
How queer they fit a Democrat!
Beware my friends, they'll take you in,
Although their bait is quite too thin.
Oho!

Chorus—We're bound to run all night,
We're bound to run all day,
We bet our money on U. S. G;
Who bets on Chappaqua?

Upon this line we'll fight it out,
If it takes all summer we'll clean 'em out.
Our old war horse was never beat,
We'll try him another four-year heat.
Oho!

Chorus—We're bound to run all night,
We're bound to run all day,
We bet our money on U. S. G;
Who bets on Chappaqua?

—S. H. KING.

The Baltimore Pill.

AIR—"Last Rose of Summer."

There's a farmer named Greeley, a doctor of laws,
Who espoused once right freely his country's great cause,
But who in his dotage had fallen quite ill,
And for this well-known fever he swallowed a pill.

Though thou grip'st me I'll follow where'er thou may'st lead,
Though thy workings may harrow, their pains I'll not heed.
'Tis thy charming attainments, thy health-yielding power,
That has caused me to swallow thy mixture so sour.

DEMOCRACY'S ANSWER.

O, Greeley, thy pill ne'er with ours can compare
When they in Cincinnati thy name did declare.
Such sickening prescription, and bitter as gall,
And our health will grow feebler long after next fall

The Proof of the Pudding.

AIR—

In sixty-four they cursed and swore,
Though weak and rotten to the core;
'Twas fight and run, and rant, rant, rant;
The only name that bore the blame,
That lost their "cause" and brought them shame,
Was then (as now) that Grant! Grant! Grant!

In sixty-eight, with bitter hate,
Although 'twas getting rather late,
They screeched aloud, "He shant! shant! shant!
But what to do the loyal knew;
And I'm not sorry, nor are you,
For voting for that Grant! Grant! Grant!

Why should we be? for don't you see
The land beams with prosperity,
And Greeley's chance is scant, scant, scant;
For us no waste, no laws disgraced;
We've ate the pudding, like the taste,
And want some more of Grant! Grant! Grant!

—GEORGE M. VICKERS.

Popular Democratic Ode.

AIR—"Sweet Home."

In the dark lanes of politics,
Wherever we go,
Be it ever so sable,
There's no meat like crow.
This bird from the sky bringeth promises fair,
Of fat places in office and plunder to spare.
Crow, crow, lovely crow,
Be it ever so sable,
There's no meat like crow.

"The Coming Man."

AIR—"The Irishman's Shanty."

I'm going to sing of a queer old man
Who in Gotham lived best part of his span;
And who every morning swore, "I can
A river turn back, or leastwise, dam."
Ri tooral, looral, looral litollay!
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

Now, this old chap had a curious head,
'Twas three parts squash and one bran bread,
And it only wanted a pound of lead
To leaven the lumps on which he fed.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

For want of this leaven his head grew light,
Which led him to dream, by day and night,
That an office he'd have—it was his right—
"And, by gum," (he swore,) "for it I'll fight."
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

His plans he laid, then looked around
For tools, or fools, to break the ground,
And in the courts a felon he found,
"For whose good behavior he would be bound."
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

This felon had friends, and they had lands,
Now run to grass for want of "hands"
To work for nothing, in squads and bands,
And find themselves paid through the lash's strands.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

To aid those friends he next undertook
A trip to the Gulf with his bran-new book,
His old white hat having first forsook,
And, greeting the crowd, each hand he shook.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

"A farmer," says he, "behold in me,
And each of you I fain would see
Peruse my book, for I give it free,
And learn from it *how to climb a tree.*"
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

"'Twill tell you how to hoe your corn—
When the cock should crow on a frosty morn,
And why the calf, when the cow is born,
Should take milk-punch to strengthen its horn."
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

The bait it took! the farmer's plan
To "climb the tree" had now began
To take such shape that he who ran
Might see H. G. was the coming man.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

Returning home, he wrote and he swore,
And as he wrote he swore the more,
That "all his past he would ignore,
And he'd go it blind for the White House door."
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

To pave the way and clear the track,
He had recourse to a beaten hack,
Who had run the course on the opposite tack
To that now steered by old Chappaquack.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

To capture the house of Uncle Sam,
The friends of the felon and all their clan
Sent up a shout for this queer old man,
Who soon got his "first coat" of tar and tan.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

Being tarred and tanned from heel to head,
This poor old man around is led,
With "a hook in his nose,"* while he is fed
Upon chowder and squash as his daily bread.
Ri tooral, looral, &c.

So far have I sung of this latest sham,
Who every morning swears, "I can
A river turn back, or leastwise, dam,"
While the geese all cackle "the coming man!"
Ri tooral, looral, looral, litollay;
Ri tooral, looral, looral, littletelay, &c.

Washington Chronicle. B.

* *New York World* upon H. G.

Horace Greeley.

AIR—"John Anderson, my Jo."

H. Greeley, Horace Greeley,
How grateful in your ears
Must sound the Baltimoreans'
Enthusiastic cheers!
In sixty-one those throats were
Tuned to another key,
For loyal blood they clamored,
H. Greeley, Horace G.

H. Greeley, Horace Greeley,
Ten years ago or more,
Quite otherwise you welcomed,
"The news from Baltimore."
You did not smile just *then*—
But most indignant he
Who thundered in the *Tribune*
H. Greeley, Horace G.

H. Greeley, Horace Greeley,
Of yore you used to call
Your Democratic allies
Thieves, rogues, and scoundrels all.
Now, saloon and brothel open,
The jail-birds are set free,
Are all made pure and vote for
H. Greeley, Horace G.

O, Greeley, Horace Greeley,
Like Roman old you come
To head an alien army
Against your life-long home,
Rather than Cincinnatus,
True Coriolanus be;
Then yours a noble triumph,
H. Greeley, Horace G.

Goosey Greeley.

AIR—"Royal Charlie."

Come through the heather,
And round him gather,
Come rebs and roughs quite freely;
Come weal, come woe,
We'll gather and go
Along with Goosey Greeley.

Let Baltimore display once more
Her Blood-Tubs in their freedom;
The Ku-Klux Klan shall be the van,
While Jeff's on hand to lead 'em.
Chorus—Come through the heather, &c.

The late Cabal and soreheads all,
Their griefs we must remember.
And for boiled crow "you bet" they'll go
From now until November.
Chorus—Come through the heather, &c.

The Tammany ring its hordes will bring
To vote both late and early,
We'll rally and sing with the Tammany ring,
"*We goes for Goose and Greeley.*"
Chorus—Come through the heather, &c.

Then through the heather,
And round him gather,
Come one and all quite freely,
And as you run
Keep up the fun,
The Goose is Horace Greeley.

Advice to Greeley.

AIR—"Wait for the wagon."

O, Horace! do not leave the farm,
If you have one to till,
The Democrats are disgracing you,
Take not their bitter pill;

The "river" of your politics
Must shortly overflow;
Where there's no banks to stay the flood,
The waters wild will go.
Chorus—Then wait for a schooner,
Wait for a schooner,
Wait for a schooner, and you'll
Up Salt river go.

Stoop not to sail a pirate's craft,
Though loyal banners fly,
They flutter falsehood, as aloft
They flaunt along the sky;
Though Cincinnati madly flings
Her canvas to the breeze,
The ship of State, with Grant on board,
Will drive her from the seas.
Chorus—Then wait, &c.

'Tis sad my philosophic friend,
Your case I much deplore,
The German vote you cannot save
Despite of Baltimore.
Each Democrat denies your claim,
As doth the son of Ham,
And all aloud, as one, proclaim,
Ulysses is the man.
Chorus—Then wait, &c.

—F. Reed.

Grant and Wilson.

Air—"Red, White, and Blue."

Three cheers for the chief of our nation,
Whose valor won peace from the war,
Who graces the loftiest station—
We'll thank him with ballots once more.

Three cheers for the soldier, so brave,
Who fought for the red, white, and blue!
The chief who his country can save
Will e'er to that country be true.

Three cheers for the wisdom that planned
Defeat to each traitorous foe—
Brought prosperous days for our land
From anarchy, chaos, and woe.

Three cheers for the noblest of souls,
Who, conscious of honor and right,
In silence disdains the "sore polls,"
Their slanders and malice and spite.

Three cheers for reduction of debt,
For progress, for work without rant;
Three cheers for what's better yet—
Four years more of President Grant.

Three cheers! "Grant and Wilson" we'll vote
In spite of the Greeleyites cant;
We'll sink their Ohio flat boat
And sail on with Wilson and Grant.

—*Syracuse Journal.*

I'm Going for Grant.

AIR—"Rosin the Bow."

I do not know much about farming,
According to chemical science,
And so my potatoes and apples
Are growing without such appliance.
I plough deep and plant in rotation,
And raise a heap more than I want,
I am not ill content with the country,
And not ill-disposed toward Grant.

I do not know much of conventions,
And ne'er made a speech in my life;
I never went much on a caucus,
Nor mixed in political strife.
But if I was only a spouter,
Or if I was much on a chant,
I'd holler a stave for the Union,
And speak a good word for old Grant.

I do not know much about finance,
I hate to be dunned as a debtor,
And when I owe money, I reckon
The sooner it's paid why the better.
Since Grant has been boss of the nation,
It's bills have been reg'larly met;
He's lightening the load of taxation,
And paying the national debt.

I do not know much about fightin'—
My notions don't that way incline—
But when it comes down to a scrimmage,
He never was beat on that line.
When treason was threatenin' to swamp us,
'Twas he gave the thing its death-blow;
And as he brought us through the danger
I ain't going back on him now.

I do not pretend to talk wisely
About "Tariffs" and "balance of trade,"
But business is generally lively,
And pretty fair profits are made.
In spite of the growling of soreheads,
"Corruption," "Reform," and sich rant,
I see that the country is prosp'ring,
And, by thunder, I'm going for Grant.

Ten Little "Liberals."

Air—"Ten Little Indian Boys."

Ten little Liberals getting into line,
One of them bolted, and then there were nine.

Nine little Liberals, organized by hate,
Fought among themselves, and then there were eight.

Eight little Liberals claimed to be eleven,
One couldn't see it, and then there were seven.

Seven little Liberals playing silly tricks,
One got disgusted, and then there were six.

Six little Liberals getting in a hive,
One got stung, and then there were five.

Five little Liberals played a game of "draw,"
One got busted, and then there were four.

Four little Liberals getting up a tree,
One tumbled over, and then there were three.

Three little Liberals sitting in the dew,
One got the colic, and then there were two.

Two little Liberals talking very freely,
One got mad and wouldn't go for Greeley.

One little Liberal sitting all alone,
Swallowed up his own self, and then there were none.

Obituary.

HORACE GREELEY.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

Old Greeley is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more,
He used to wear an old white coat,
All buttoned down before.

Upon his head an old white hat
He always used to wear,
To cover up his shining head,
So destitute of hair.

A pair of massive spectacles
He wore upon his nose,
Which made him look benevolent,
As everybody knows.

He was a great newspaper man,
And published the *Tribune*,
And every day, or month, at least,
He always changed his tune.

Inconstant, fickle, changeable,
Unstable as the wind,
He first blew hot and then blew cold
Just as he changed his mind.

Philosophy was his delight,
And he could clearly prove
That all mankind would be made blest
By practising free love.

For farming, too, he had a taste,
Although it has been said,
He never met with much success,
Except on cabbage head.

In politics he fared far worse,
For people were afraid
To trust this man in public life,
Lest they should be betrayed.

And though the Cincinnati men
Joined those at Baltimore,
To make old Horace President,
They all fell through the floor.

Their platform was too weak to hold,
And come down with a crash,
And poor old Horace Greeley died,
Crushed in the general smash.

The coroner was quickly called,
An inquest duly made,
And this was what the gentlemen
Upon the jury said:

"We find that Horace Greeley died
Of pressure on the brain,
Caused by a platform breaking down
That could not stand the strain.

"Its timbers and its planks were weak,
And, if they had been good,
No platform, we are satisfied,
Could carry such a load."

—*Illinois State Journal.*

Campaign Song.

AIR—"Nelly Bligh."

Everywhere, everywhere,
Swells the joyous song.
Floating on the summer breeze
Cheerily along.
Mingled voices, loud and clear,
From Oregon to Maine.
Send up a shout for General Grant,
And join this glad refrain:

Chorus—Brave leader! strong leader!
Not a man but he
Can the hosts of Freedom lead
On to victory!

When Ulysses Grant was young,
The tanner's trade he plied,
And in his calling even then
Evinced an honest pride;
And since that day he's tanned the hide
Of many a trait'rous foe
At Donelson and Vicksburg, too,
As well the "Lib'rals" know.
Chorus—Brave, &c.

Still "on that line he'll fight it out,"
Until some time next fall,
When at the polls he'll slaughter them,
Horse, foot, dragoons, and all.
He'll flay the "Sage of Chappaqua"
Alive from heel to crown,
And hang on high his hide to dry
With that of B. Gratz Brown.
Chorus—Brave, &c.

For rallying round his standard come
A host of yeomen true,
As once old Scotia's clansmen came
At call of Roderick Dhu.

Though not as they with sword and shield,
And battle-axe and brand,
But each is armed for truth and right,
With ballot in his hand.
Chorus—Brave, &c.

Onward, boys! forward, boys!
Still keep wide awake—
See! along the darkened sky
The clouds begin to break.
E'en now the victory is ours—
Our foes their death song chant,
God bless the people's President—
Our own Ulysses Grant.
Chorus—Brave leader! strong leader!
Not a man but he
Can the hosts of Freedom lead
On to victory.

—A. DOWNING.

Chap-Chap-Paw-Quaw.

AIR—"Little Brown Jug."

Old John Bourbon he don't know
Which way now he'll have to go,
Greeley's not the man for him,
And he ain't sure Greeley'll win.
Chorus—Chap, Chap, Chap, paw, quaw, quaw,
An old white hat and a man o' straw;
Rads and rebels, thick and thin,
Oh! what a fix our party's in.

Horace, he's a nasty pill,
Writes the sickest sort of swill;
But you see here's what we want—
Some blind mule to beat old Grant.
Chorus—So Chap, Chap, &c.

Sick of buzzard, don't like crow,
We must win or starve, you know,
Dog my cats, if I can see
Where's the end for men like me.
Chorus—But Chap, Chap, &c.

Schurz says Greeley's just the man,
I can't see it if he can;
If he's Loco I ain't one,
If he ain't, the party's gone.
Chorus—Oh! Chap, Chap, &c.

I must have a pension, shu',
For my service in the wa';
Some durn'd Yankee shot my Jim,
Maybe Greeley'll pay for him.
Chorus—Well, Chap, Chap, &c.

So I'll take my Greeley straight,
That's the way to save the State,
Greeley's not the man we want,
I'd vote for a skunk to beat old Grant.
Chorus—Anything to beat old Grant,
That's the feller we all want,
The meanest cuss I ever saw
Is old Chap-Chap-pa-quaw-quaw.

—*Louisville Commercial.*

The Brave and the True.

Air—"Red, White, and Blue."

Arise, now, ye lovers of Freedom,
Your strength to the just cause now lend,
That your country forever with honor
And glory shall live to the end.
With such men as our Grant we will prosper,
Who has naught but his country in view,
Let your banners now wave for Grant and Wilson,
Three cheers for the brave and the true.

Chorus—Three cheers for the brave and the true!
Three cheers for the brave and the true!
Let your banners now wave for Grant and Wilson,
Three cheers for the brave and the true!

When fierce and benighted rebellion
Had caused our fair land to bewail;
Then stood up before our great nation
A captain who sailed through the gale.
How he "fought on that line" all remember,
'Till he brought our old flag safely through.
Let us meet at the polls next November,
And vote for the brave and the true.
Chorus—Three cheers for the brave, &c.

Old Horace, the sage, bring before us,
Who with traitors his fortune has cast;
Let us ask, "Art thou Greeley, whose chorus
So long chimed with ours in the past?"
May defeat in its aspect most dire
O'ertake you and all your motley crew,
For our Union and cause will ne'er tire—
Three cheers for the brave and the true!
Chorus—Three cheers for the brave, &c.

—J. W. S.

Campaign Song.

AIR—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Oh, have you heard the glorious news?
Hurrah! hurrah!
The Greeleyites have got the blues—
Hurrah! hurrah!
They burnt their powder all in vain—
We've whipped them out and out again,
And they don't feel gay
As the news comes rolling in.

The old North State has fired her gun,
Hurrah! hurrah!
She bids the nation tally one,
Hurrah! hurrah!
She's wheeled into the Union line,
The Stars and Stripes above her shine,
And we all feel gay
As the news comes rolling in.

The Springfield Greeleyites were sold!
Hurrah! hurrah!
Such glorious news, it must be told!
Hurrah! hurrah!
"At last a victory is won!"
So out they brought their old cracked gun,
And they all felt gay
As the news came rolling in.

Says Peter Slack to Balentine,
Hurrah! hurrah!
"The news is really very fine!"
Hurrah! hurrah!
"At last the tables have been turned—
I'll give the powder to be burned—
And we'll all feel gay
As salutes come rolling in."

But now they hang their heads in shame,
Hurrah! hurrah!
"How's North Carolina?" blocks their game,
Hurrah! hurrah!
And next November's bound to show
For Grant the old North State will go—
And we'll all feel gay
When the news comes rolling in.

The Old Man and His Organ.

AIR—

There was an old man had an organ—
He made with Boss Billy a bargain:
"If you vote me a king,
I'll play and I'll sing
For the Tammany ring,"
Said the funny old man with the organ.
Then hay diddle, hoe diddle,
High diddle, low diddle,
Played the old man with the organ.

Then gaily made answer Boss Billy,
(While the band played "Dixie" so silly,)
"All right! we'll go snucks,
Raising Cain with their Ducks—
We'll join the Ku-klux!"
"Amen and hurroo!" shouted Greeley,
While hay diddle, hoe diddle,
High diddle, low diddle,
Together dance Greeley and Billy.

Campaign Song.

AIR—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

For the man who led our armies through the blood and toil of war,
Who in triumph and in mercy sheathed the sword,
All the Union-loving people will be sure to vote again,
And his labor and his truth will thus reward.
Chorus—Grant, Grant, Grant! the boys are calling;
He's the man the people want again,
And they all will vote to place him in the Presidential chair,
And we will live in peace and plenty then.

Though the Copperheads and soreheads may unite to put him down,
Yet our General has the people at his back;
All the wheezy, spavined party hacks had better clear the way,
For the Union horse is bound to sweep the track.
Chorus—Grant, Grant, Grant! the boys are calling, &c.

Only four short years ago we were overwhelmed with debt,
And it did not seem that we could ever pay;
But the daylight has been breaking, and the dawn has come at last,
And we soon shall see the glory of the day.
Chorus—Grant, Grant, Grant! the boys are calling, &c.

Now the country is at peace, and all the land is full of joy,
And a blessed, bounteous harvest crowns the year;
While our debts are growing smaller, and the taxes are reduced,
For the future we may never have a fear.
Chorus—Grant, Grant, Grant! the boys are calling, &c.

We must rally round the party that has saved the nation's life,
That in perilous times was ever true and firm;
We must give it time to finish all the work it has to do,
And must give our trusty Grant another term.
Chorus—Grant, Grant, Grant! the boys are calling, &c.

—CARL BRENT.

Fling out the Banner.

AIR—"Uncle Sam's Farm."

Fling out now the banner of Grant and Wilson true,
The rebel hordes are marshalling the conflict to renew;
Our leader met them often amid the cannon's roar,
And soon will put their hosts to flight as he has done before.
Chorus—Fling out now the banner, the "battle-cry" renew,
Hurrah for Grant and Wilson, the tried, the brave and true;
They scooped the rebs at Vicksburg, and Richmond, under Lee;
They'll scoop them in November, and capture Horace G.

Fling out now the banner of Grant and Wilson true,
And show the "Dolly Vardens" that poor Horace will not do;
He's played the possum often an office to secure,
Now sold himself to Tammany, and so his fate is sure.
Chorus—Fling out now the banner, &c.

The canines are howling, there's Lyman, Charles, and Schurz,
Their scandals echoed far and near by all the smaller curs;
Their vile denunciations of Grant will never pay,
He's bound to be our President, for so the people say.
Chorus—Fling out now the banner, &c.

The soreheads are shouting about their great reform,
With Tammany and Greeley we shall have it in a horn;
Boss Tweed to do the stealing for all the smaller fry,
And Horace says, "'Tis well my boys," O! how is that for high?
Chorus—Fling out now the banner, &c.

The Ku-klux Ghost.

AIR—"Giles Scroggin's Ghost."

A sorehead courted Tam—ma—ny,
Fol de rol, de rol, de ra,
So as to be their nomi—nee,
Fol de rol, de ra.
Many fat things, indeed 'tis true—
If you love me as I love you—
Will I bestow upon your crew.
Fol lol de riddle, lol de ra.

So the day that they shook hands,
Fol de rol, de rol, de ra,
They were joined by the Ku-klux Klans,
Fol de rol, de ra.
The Klans said now, we need not fret,
We'll make him pay the rebel debt,
And for our niggers, too, "you bet."
Fol lol de riddle, lol de ra.

Then Horace to his bed did creep,
Fol de rol, de rol, de ra,
And soon he fell quite fast asleep,
Fol de rol, de ra.
When standing there by his bed-post,
A figure tall his sight engross'd,
And it said, I'm the Ku-klux ghost,
Fol lol de riddle, lol de ra.

This ghost it said all solemn—ly,
Fol de rol, da rol, de ra,
"Horace, you must go with me,
Fol de rol, de ra,

And take a ride upon a rail."
Then Horace he did quake and quail,
And his hard luck he did bewail.
Fol lol de riddle, lol de ra.

The ghost it seized him all so grim,
Fol de rol, de rol, de ra,
To make him go along with him,
Fol de rol, de ra.
Then Horace woke and screamed a scream,
And found that he had dreamed a dream,
Thus ended this unwelcome scene.
Fol lol de riddle, lol de ra.

We'll Try Him Again.

AIR—

We will try him again for another four years,
The man who in civic position
Is keeping the laurels he won in the field
In a very luxuriant condition.
We will try him another four years,
The man who has been so successful.
For they can't win the race
With a wild goose *Chase*,
Nor with agricultural Greeley;
So get out of the way
For the man of the day.
Who is beating them all so genteely.

Lines on Horace.

AIR—"Who will Care for Mother Now?"

Why are Democrats dejected?
Why that sad and gloomy air?
'Cause their pill won't be elected
To the Presidential chair.
Oh, how plain they'll show their anguish,
When they're badly beat again!

In November they will languish;
Who will care for Greeley then?
Chorus—Soon from Grant we'll all be hearing
His inaugural again;
O, that happy day is nearing!
Who will care for Greeley then?

Who can tell the great disaster
That our country would behold,
If old Horace could be master
Of the Treasury's bright gold?
No; the people want his knowledge
Where his acts can do no harm;
Not what he obtained from college,
But what he knows 'bout a farm.
Chorus—Soon from Grant we'll all, &c.

O, What's the Use?

Air—"Kingdom Coming."

O, what's the use of talking now about your Horace Greeley?
The Democrats have swallowed him, but can't digest him freely,
A bitter pill he surely is—deny it now they can't;
But "anything" is still the cry to beat our General Grant.
Chorus—Get out of the way, old Horace Greeley!
Get out of the way, I say!
Just stand aside, old humbug Greeley,
We can't eat crow to-day.

Across the bloody chasm wide we'll all clasp hands, they say,
With Jeff and all his rebel host, we'll travel on our way;
The White House we would occupy, and run the whole machine,
The Treasury vaults we would control, and keep them very clean.
Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.

There's one thing now I wish to say, so Horace just take warning—
In order to beat General Grant you must be up in the morning:
You want to tell us what you know of turnips, corn, and oats,
But that won't make you President, unless you get the votes.
Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.

Now, Horace, tell us what you know of that abomination,
When you were *sold* to Tammany just for a nomination;
They tell us you are honest now, and true to every trust—
From honesty like this, we say, good Lord deliver us!
Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.

The Greeleyite-Confederates have had a jubilation,
They burnt their powder, shouted loud, and made a demonstration:
To-day they walk with faces long—have ceased their noise and clatter,
They've heard from North Carolina now, and that is what's the matter.
Chorus—Get out of the way, &c.

Hunkidori.

AIR—"Hunkidori, I oh!"

Oh! General Grant's the man,
That whipped the rebels neatly,
And soon we will again
Repeat the dose most sweetly!
There's Jeff, and Greeley too,
And Hoffman in his glory,
Their *phiz* will soon turn blue,
When Grant is hunkidori
Chorus—Three cheers for General Grant!
And let us all remember
To give them with a will,
And a *tiger* next November.

Grant drove the rebels in
To Vicksburg on the river;
The boys were bound to win
And they made the graybacks shiver.
The bright old starry flag
Waved o'er us in its glory—
Down came the rebel rag,
Oh! wern't we hunkidori!
Chorus—Three cheers, &c.

On Chattanooga's heights,
'Mid the storm and smoke of battle,
Where the bullets flew like hail,
And the cannons loud did rattle,
Grant charged them home again—
You all have heard the story—
Oh! didn't they skedaddle?
And Grant was hunkidori!
Chorus—Three cheers, &c.

And when the rebel crew
At Richmond stood in wonder,
To see the boys in blue,
Hurl forth their iron thunder,
"Phil Sheridan's let loose,"
Cries Lee, the field is gory!
Oh! the old flag wins at last,
And Grant is hunkidori!
Chorus—Three cheers, &c.

There's Brown and Greeley now,
The rebel host are scanning,
But Grant will have their hides,
For Grant is up to *tanning!*
General Grant in manhood's prime,
And Wilson in his glory,
Will win the race this time,
And we'll all be hunkidori!
Chorus—Three cheers, &c.

Vermont will send a shot,
To make the rebels shiver:
While Maine prepares the boat,
To send 'em up Salt river!

The breeze that fans the shore
Will tell the same old story;
"The Union evermore!"
And we'll all be hunkidori!
Chorus—Three cheers, &c.

The Keystone State flings out
The glorious starry banner,
Ohio with a shout
Hurrahs for Grant, the tanner!
Wisconsin tells the tale,
With Oregon in glory.
Ku-klux are turning pale,
Oh! aren't we hunkidori?
Chorus—Three cheers, &c.

Oh! General Grant's the man,
That whipped the rebels neatly,
And soon we will again
Repeat the dose most sweetly.
There's Jeff, and Greeley too,
And Hoffman in his glory,
Their *phiz* will soon turn blue,
When Grant is hunkidori!
Chorus—Three cheers for General Grant!
And let us all remember
To give them with a will,
And a *tiger* next November.

Grant, Wilson, and Success.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

The long-roll sounds from rocky Maine
To California's slope,
It echoes over lake and plain,
And bears the nation's hope.
The watchword starts from countless hearts,
That ready stand to bless,
And one glad cry goes up the sky—
Grant, Wilson, and success!

The nation's pulse beats firm and true,
The country's cry rings clear—
The banner of the Boys in Blue
Is lifted far and near.
The ballot takes the bullet's place;
Again the land to save;
Once more the laurels of the race
Above a hero wave.

A soldier true, a statesman tried—
Ring out each glorious name;
Grant stands with Wilson by his side,
And both our homage claim.
The long-roll sounds from rocky Maine
To California's slope,
It echoes over lake and plain,
And bears the nation's hope.

A Wail.

AIR—"Three Black Crows."

When first I saw this hated crow
My stomach it revolted so;
My bowels heaved with such disgust,
That 'pon my soul, I thought I'd bust."
Chorus—Sing, brothers, sing. There sits the crow
'neath yonder tree,
Not very charming food is he,
But shut your eyes and gulp him down,
Go Greeley first and then Gratz Brown.

I roared and yelled by day and night,
I fought the faith and kept the fight;
And still I swear, with all my might,
In eating crow there's no delight.
Chorus—Sing, brothers, sing, &c.

I only eat enough to save
Myself from that dark, hopeless grave
Where every Bourbon's sure to go
Who will not eat the hated crow.
Chorus—Sing, brothers, sing, &c.

Ku-klux Song.

AIR—"Dixie."

I've a song to sing to every Greeley man,
With a few brief words on the Ku-klux Klan,
Far away, far away, far away, in Dixie land.
'Tis the Ku-klux Klan that parades at night,
With pistol and whip, dealing death and affright,
Far away, far away, far away, in Dixie land.

Chorus—Oh! a lovely land was Dixie—
(In a horn! In a horn!)
But Grant was the man destroyed their Klan,
And gave free speech to Dixie's land,
Then hurrah! hurrah! hurrah for Grant and Wilson!

When elections came around, and the rebels found
That the blacks all took the Republican ground,
Far away, far away, far away, in Dixie's land,
They conspired in the Klan, with a horrible oath,
To stop them by whipping or murder, or both,
Far away, far away, far away, in Dixie's land.

Chorus—Oh! a lovely land, &c.

Then a reign of terror and of blood began,
And the blacks were taught by the Ku-klux Klan,
Far away, far away, far away, in Dixie's land,
That to save their lives they must keep from the polls,
And swear that Republicans had no souls,
Far away, far away, far away, in Dixie's land.

Chorus—Oh! a lovely land, &c.

But the President said, "You inhuman Turks,
I propose to move immediately on your works,"
Far away, far away, far away, in Dixie's land.
And the cowardly assassins, after all their rant,
Fell into the gripe of the law, and of Grant,
Far away, far away, far away, in Dixie's land.

Chorus—Oh! a lovely land, &c.

Now the Ku-klux are shivering in deadly fears
Lest Grant should be President four more years,
Far away, far away, far away, in Dixie's land.
So they vote and pray, like our friends here in town
For soft old Greeley and hard old Brown,
Far away, far away, far away, in Dixie's land.
Chorus—Oh! a lovely land, &c.

Campaign Song.

Air—"Sparkling and Bright."

Let it resound the land around
We've made a nomination—
Loyal and true, a platform too,
That's bound to sweep the nation.
Chorus—For Grant and Wilson are the names
Engraven on our banner;
This fall we'll vote 'gainst the old White Coat,
Smoke Brown with the smoking Tanner.

'Twas noised in town that Mr. Brown
Was troubled with a colic;
The soft-shell crabs, digested slabs,
When he was on a frolic.
Chorus—But Grant and Wilson are the men
Who lead in loyal manner;
And we will smoke the old White Coat,
Instead of the smoking Tanner.

We hear that the gray in new array
Their olden hates remember;
But we'll strike hands in loyal bands,
And vote for the smoking Tanner.
Chorus—For Grant and Wilson are the names
Engraven on our banner;
We'll tan with our votes that old White Coat,
And elect the smoking Tanner.

—*Sandwich Gazette.*

We Will Vote for Gen. G.

AIR—"Little Brown Jug."

Horace Greeley is the rebels' tool
To bring us under secesh rule;
But we will show them by our vote
We can't be caught by an old white coat.
Chorus—Ha, ha, ha! don't you see,
We will vote for Gen. G.?
Grant has whipped the rebel crew,
And he will whip old Greeley too.

Horace climbed a secesh tree
And hoped the President to be;
He crawled out on a Liberal limb,
And whacked it off, but it fell with him.
Chorus—Ha, ha, ha! don't you see, &c.

New Hampshire showed us she was true,
Connecticut and Rhody too,
Oregon wheeled into line,
And now we've heard from North Car'line.
Chorus—Ha, ha, ha! don't you see, &c.

B. Gratz Brown and an old white hat
Are nothing but *crow* to a Democrat,
But they are hungry and cram it down,
Though "soft-shell crabs" distress Gratz Brown.
Chorus—Ha, ha, ha! don't you see, &c.

Jeff Davis traded his crinoline
For Fort Monroe, and thought it fine;
But Greeley took him to his heart.
Such loving friends should never part.
Chorus—Ha, ha, ha! don't you see, &c.

Let Sumner rave, and roar, and rant,
Because the country goes for Grant.
Charles Sumner plays a childish game,
And colored folks all think the same.
Chorus—Ha, ha, ha! don't you see, &c.

The people are not ready yet
To pay off any rebel debt,
"Our Southern brethren" will not win,
And "shaking hands" is a little "too thin."
Chorus—Ha, ha, ha! don't you see. &c.

We'll pay our debt, now that is clear,
A hundred million every year;
Thirteen million Johnson paid,
But Grant has knocked him in the shade.
Chorus—Ha, ha, ha! don't you see, &c.

Grant puts down the Ku-klux Klan,
The country's free for every man.
We are at peace with all the world,
In every clime our flag's unfurled.
Chorus—Ha, ha, ha! don't you see
We will vote for General G.?
Grant has tanned the rebels' back,
And he will tan old "Chappaquack."

A Dirge for H. G.

AIR—"Not for Joseph."

Close the polls, his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of wheat, or fall of corn,
Woodhull, Stone, or other woman?
Lay him low, let him blow,
Of his turnips white as snow!
What cares he! He does not know
How the ruta-bagas grow.

Old sorehead vainly thought he might
Reach White House by his endeavor.
Let him soon forget the fight
And keep upon the farm forever.
Let him go, let him blow,
In his clover white as snow.
What cares he? He wants to know
How the German pretzels grow.

Fold him in the "stars and bars,"
Roll the drum and fire the volley;
What to him are all our wars,
What but a gigantic folly?
Let him go, let him blow,
Midst his hats, once white as snow.
What cares he? Except to know
How long-handled broom-corns grow?

Leave him to Jeff's friendly eye,
Trust him to the hands that have him,
Breckinridge weeps idly by,
Baltimore could never save him.
Let him go, let him blow,
At his farm-house white as snow.
What cares he? He wants to know
Where the blind potatoes grow.

—*Springfield Republican.*

H. G.'s Inquiry.

AIR—"Tell Me, ye Winged Winds."

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round Chappaqua fly,
Who'll be next President,
Ulysses Grant, or I?
Oh! tell me, will I dwell within the White House blest?
Will all the people vote for me, from East to West?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity, as it answered, "No!"

Tell me, my honest men,
Jeff Davis, Schurz, and Tip.,
Oh! will there be a slip
Between the cup and lip?
Yes; by your own great hopes to win the highest place.
Oh! tell me if you think I will the office grace?
These faithful foll'wers swore in whispers low,
And answered in a chorus, "No!" "No!" "No!"

And thou bright twinkling stars
  That light the midnight sky,
Will not my triumph here
  Come surely by and by?
Will not all Liberal men old coats and white hats wear,
And farmers read my book to gain much knowledge there?
The stars upon the author famed of "What I Know,"
Looked coldly down, and sneering answered, "No!"

Oh! good Republicans,
  Will you forsake me now?
Will you to U. S. Grant
  With willing homage bow?
And best loved Democrats, will you another man
Put up for President, and 'lect him if you can?
Both parties glared with equal bitterness,
And both together screamed the fatal "Yes!"

Shiloh.

AIR—

Why ring the bells in Richmond town?
  "The day is ours!" wrote Beauregard,
"The foe that captured Donelson
  Has fled before the Southern sword!"

Too soon, for Sidney Johnston falls;
  The brain that planned, the arm that smote,
Grant's lines repulse like granite walls,
  While the shells crash from each gunboat.

What shout is that? What banners wave
  On the tide of the Tennessee?
Nelson, the bravest of the brave,
  Leads Buell's men to join the fray!

All day, all night, the Southron fled,
  Leaving his dying and his dead;
While bells tolled long, and dirges moaned
  From border to the Rio Grande.

Why ring the bells in Richmond town?
"North Carolina's ours," wrote Vance;
"The Appomattox shame is flown!
Once more on Washington advance!"

Too soon; behold this dusky throng!
Frames bowed by unrequited toil—
Scarred with the fetter, lash, and throng,
But late escaped the tyrant's coil.

From Dismal Swamp, the slaves' retreat,
From mountain fastness, freedom's home,
They come with meek, heroic feet,
To share their benefactor's doom.

From day to day hate's face grew wan,
From border to the Rio Grande;
While patriots from main to main
Thanked God they had not fought in vain.

—*Democrat and Chronicle.*

Campaign Song.

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

Come all ye Lib'rals, while I sing
Our new and wondrous melee;
For lambs and lions now unite
To bleat and roar for Greeley.
Chorus—Then sing the song, and all prolong
The chorus loud and freely;
Swell forth the notes from open throats,
For Tammany and Greeley.

The great philosopher and sage
Is moving out most charming,
As in his green and second age
He bids a truce to farming.
Chorus—Then sing the song, &c.

In saddest tones he now bemoans
Our late rebellious spasm;
And on the verge, just hear him urge
"Clasp hands across the chasm."
Chorus—Then sing the song, &c.

Ku-Klux no more shall feel the power
Of Grant's centralization;
We're "Sovereign States," our fears, our hates
Are lest we be a nation.
Chorus—Then sing the song, &c.

And then should we all peacefully
Pronounce for *calm secession*,
Our man is pledged; our cause thus fledged,
Would baffle opposition.
Chorus—Then sing the song, &c.

Think of the times when Southern climes
Shall bloom again like Eden;
Our slaves all crushed, Sam's debt all smashed,
And ours be all made even.
Chorus—Then sing the song, &c.

And then to see Democracy
All purified by leaven
Of "Lib'ral stuff," is just enough
To make this earth a heaven.
Chorus—Then sing the song, &c.

Four years and more, with soreheads all,
Unmollified by ointment,
We've waited long and borne the wrong
Of having no appointment.
Chorus—Then sing the song, &c.

While thus we pant, should General Grant
By chance be re-elected,
Our hopes are fled, our game is dead,
Our Lib'ral farce detected.
Chorus—Then sing the song, &c.

Cheer up my lads, cast off the sads,
And don your pleasant faces;
If we succeed we'll take the lead,
And grab the fattest places.
Chorus—Then sing this song, and all prolong
The chorus in full melee;
Rally the bloats, and stuff the votes,
For Tammany and Greeley.

—D. MARION.

The Child's Inquiry.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

Carl Schurz sat down one evening late
To rest his weary head,
His little son crept on his knee,
And looking at him said:

"Who is this Horace Greeley, pa,
That people call so wise?
Is he some giant tall enough
To reach unto the skies?"

"Oh, no, my child; about as large
As I or Governor Brown;
'Twas not his stature made him great,
Or won him his renown.

"But he it is who nobly bailed
Jeff Davis from his cell,
And now we want for President
The man who did so well."

"But, then, papa, was not old Jeff
A traitor to the State?
You used to run him down, and say
That hanging was his fate.

"And wouldn't Horace Greeley, pa,
If he were President,
Bail out and pardon every rogue
Who was to prison sent?"

"Oh, no, my child; Jeff Davis was
An enemy in war;
But he who bailed a common rogue
His neighbors all abhor."

"Then, pa, if I should steal a horse,
I'd steal a hundred more,
I would be great and be bailed out,
As Davis was before?"

"Oh, no, my child; the Gospel says
That you should always do
To every person as you would
That they should do to you."

"But, pa, did Horace Greeley think
That in some future day,
He would want bail when he should try
His country to betray?"

The Senator could say no more,
So, turning quickly, said:
"Its nine o'clock, my little boy;
'Tis time you were in bed."

Campaign Song.

AIR—"Maryland, my Maryland."

O'er all the land we hear the cry,
Liberty, sweet liberty!
Like music from the bending sky,
Liberty, sweet liberty!
The patriot host who love thy fame,
Their hearts aglow with Freedom's flame,
Will rise and conquer in thy name,
Liberty, sweet liberty!

E'en in the sunny South we see
Liberty, sweet liberty!
Her groaning slaves at last are free,
Liberty, sweet liberty!
And Union men in peace shall dwell,
Nor hear again the Ku-Klux yell,
Hot from their Democratic hell;
Liberty, sweet liberty!

For Grant and Wilson lead the van,
Liberty, sweet liberty!
With equal rights for every man,
Liberty, sweet liberty!
Their watchword, "Peace and Victory!"
A nation saved—a nation free,
And over all thy panoply—
Liberty, sweet liberty!

O! then unfurl thy banner bright,
Liberty, sweet liberty!
In all the majesty of right,
Liberty, sweet liberty!
Thy peace shall heal the wounds of war,
And men from near and from afar
Shall hasten to thy rising star,
Liberty, sweet liberty!

COLUMBIA, S. C., *July*, 1872.

I Go Ulysses Straight.

AIR—"How are you, Horace Greeley."

I ain't got heaps of learnin',
And I seldom argy well,
But I sorter form opinions,
Which I ain't afraid to tell;
So I say it square and open,
Without fear of small or great,
I stand by the loyal party,
And I go Ulysses straight.

They talk about "reformin'",
And say our party's split,
That Greeley's awful honest,
And Grant haint any grit.
I hear their shallow blowin',
And I see their crooked gait,
But I turn my back on Horace,
And I go Ulysses straight.

I can't see how a feller
Can mix with Jeff and sich;
Why, I shun these cussed critters
As if they had the itch!
And I'll never vote their ticket,
Nor knuckle to their hate,
But I'll think of murdered Lincoln,
While I go Ulysses straight.

I kinder get confounded
When I hear the mongrel shout,
When I learn how Blair and Sumner
Want to turn our leader out;
But I never *flunked* or *wavered*,
And I'm loyal up to date,
For I stand by the loyal party,
And I go Ulysses straight.

I can't complain of taxes,
And I've seen the darkies free,
And votin' 'gin their masters
Is *right* enough for me;
I ain't a cussed bullhead,
To swallow rebel bait,
But I keep the side of freedom,
And I go Ulysses straight.

I reckon Horace Greeley
Don't expect to get my vote,
For I never was a traitor,
A turn-coat, or *afloat*.
A chap that's double-sided,
Whatever's in his pate,
Ain't fit to be a President,
So I go Ulysses straight.

I can't forgit the battles
Nor the trials we have had,
And accept as pure and upright,
Men proven *false* and *bad*.
And I think our noble nation
Would meet a fearful fate
In hands once raised agin her,
So I go Ulysses straight.

I wasn't much on fightin',
But I gin the praise where due,
And I back the dauntless chieftain,
Who lead our boys in blue.
I won't eat crow or'possum,
Nor have it on my plate,
For I love a *loyal* diet,
So I go Ulysses straight.

We've tried his pluck at Shiloh,
We've proved his reck'nin sound,
He'll push a thief or rebel
As a fox before a hound!
At Donelson and Vicksburg
He struck to save the State,
He's a statesman and a general,
So I go Ulysses straight.

I sorter fear that Greeley
Don't tell us "what he knows"
About this *fusion* business,
And the way the bargain goes.
They say his beets have cost him
From a dollar up to eight—
There's a costlier beat ahead, Horace,
For we go Ulysses straight.

I ain't got heaps of larnin',
And I seldom argy well,
But I sorter form opinions,
Which I ain't afraid to tell.
So I says it square and open,
Without fear of small or great,
I stand by the loyal party,
And I go Ulysses straight.

The Despondent One.

AIR—"Whack row de dow."

"A song for the rake and hoe;
A song for the hammer and axe;
A song for the booming loom;
A carol for shoemaker's wax!"
'Twas thus at the close of day
He sat by the door and sang;
His heart with sorrow was wrung,
While the hills of Chappaqua rang.

"My shoes creak wherever I go,
My straw hat is always awry,
My trowsers are tucked in my boots,
My necktie runs runs into my eye;

My coat wraps me up like a sack,
Of buttons it hasn't a bit;
When I look at the pit of my stomach
I think of the bottomless pit.

"I find all my pleasure in chickens,
In hearing their innocent talk,
In seeing the rippling brook run,
And watching the smooth gravel walk;
In hearing the red oxen low,
As off to the meadows they hie;
While the tall chimney swallows the swallows
As into the black flue they fly.

"There are men who most always are sneering
At Chappaqua's wonderful farm.
Ah! little they know what it costs me
To clothe me and keep myself warm.
All day I must pump at the pumkin;
And at eve I the weevil weave,
Spin spinach and turn up the turnip,
And bind them all tight in a sheave.

"Let chicken-thieves ride in a carriage
Let cabbage-heads ride in a cab;
I'd rather raise hob on a hobby
From Chappaqua to the Punjab,
I want to bestride a horseradish,
A block of pig-iron on my head,
And sweep through the land of the living
Down into the realm of the dead.

"For this world is so sad and so lonely!
Not a pumpkin its sympathy shows,
Not a cucumber sobs with my sighing,
Not an onion will weep with my woes.
Oh, fie on the heart of the cabbage!
Oh, fiddle for folly and sin!
Farewell to the earth and its sorrows!
Gape, graveyard, I fain would turn in!"

'Twas the song of the rake and the hoe,
The song of the hammer and axe,
The song of the booming loom,
The song of the shoemaker's wax,
Which thus at the close of day
He sat by his door and sang,
For his heart with sorrow was wrung
While the hills of Chappaqua rang.

Good-by, Greeley.

AIR—"Last Rose of Summer."

'Tis the last show for Greeley,
And that show, oh, how slim!
All his old friends have freely
Gone back now on him.
No old-time admirer
Will stick worth a straw
To that old aspirer
From fair Chappaqua.

They will vote him a hatchet
To chop on his farm,
And will tan his old jacket
To keep his back warm.
Then let him plant clover,
Beets, melons, and pears!
But he can't preside over
Our nation's affairs.

So soon, now old hearty,
You'll follow the class
Who've sold out their party
And all gone to grass.
Then with knowledge so charming,
We'll gain a nice treat—
Not "What he knows 'bout farming,"
But rather—*defeat.*

"Down in the Piney Regions."

AIR—

From Raleigh town the other night
The telegrams came both left and right,
To tell us how had gone the fight,
Down in the piney regions.

Sing hullaboo, tareaway, whack, hurrah!
Hie-away, lie-away, hoopala!
"'Tis glorious news for old Chappaqua,"
Said the telegraph operator.

"Our gains are great; we've got the State—
Of Congressmen just count on eight,
And everything else upon the 'slate,'
Down in the piney regions."

Sing hey, sing ho, sing Jerry, sing whack!
"Go, pat old Goosey on the back,
With a hip, hurrah for Chappaquack,"
Said the telegraph operator.

"Our merry men went in to win,
Backed up by Tweed and Tammany *tin*,
With Wood & Co. to *count votes in*,
Down in the piney regions."

Sing hie-away, lie-away, hoopala!
Fire-away, flare-away, whack, hurrah!
"'Twill gladden the heart of old Chappaqua,"
Said the telegraph operator.

The Liberal crowd soon got their gun,
And shell'd away till set of sun
Had put a stop to their gas and fun
About the piney regions.

Sing how, sing why, sing ho, hay-stack,
"What's this we hear while jokes we crack,
About a defeat for old Chappaquack
And his truthful operator?"

Official news had come to light
To tell us all about the fight
That put the Ku-klux Klan to flight
Down in the piney regions.

Sing hey, sing ho, sing diddheroo whack,
The goose we'll lay upon his back,
And *wake* and bury old Chappaquack
Along with *his operator*.

—*Washington Chronicle.*

The Soldiers' Campaign Song.

AIR—

We meet to-day as comrades
Who followed Grant in war,
And here again we pledge ourselves
To vote for him, hurrah!
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah!
For U. S. Grant, hurrah!
Hurrah for the flag he bears!
The same he bore in war.

For Grant shall lead our columns,
While streams our flag afar,
Its stripes shall never wear a stain,
Nor treason dim a star.
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

No coward hand shall bear it,
Our own dear flag to-day;
A thousand thousand follow him,
Who crowned it in the fray.
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

We cannot follow Greeley,
Nor cheer his Rebel bars;
We never can forget that he
Deserts the Stripes and Stars.
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

The Boys in Blue are coming
From East and farthest West;
Their colors are the brave old Flag,
Their cheers are with a zest.
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

The Boys in Blue are coming,
While Grant is on before;
His battle flag, we see it now,
With victory covered o'er.
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

Six hundred thousand marching,
Six hundred thousand more,
Are cheering Grant, the gallant man,
Who led our ranks of yore.
Chorus—Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

—PRIVATE DALZELL.

H. G. after Election.

AIR—

With his high head bowed,
And his face like a shroud,
He sits in his chair
And tears his spare hair,
When he thinks of *his* party
So jovial and hearty,
With all their ambition,
Gone down to perdition.

Without a mark of respect
He's doomed to neglect—
With all his fine farming,
And manners so charming, (?)
He sinks to his slumbers
To dream of cucumbers.
So here let us leave him
Schurz chanting his requiem.

Campagne-Sonette.

Von E. Dorsch.

Das ist ein Mann, der Greeley! Grundsatzlos,
Ein prächtiges Conglomerat von Schrullen,
Unfehlbar, wie der Papst in seinen Bullen,
Im Glaubenwechseln ganz ein Virtuos!

„Unschuldig, wie er kam vom Mutterschoos,"
Sagt seine Clique — leicht in Schlaf zu lullen,
Wenn er an seiner Eitelkeit kann schnullen,
Ein hirnverschrob'ner, kind'scher Gernegroß.

Ein Menschenkenner, welcher Brüderschaft
Mit Dieben schließt, die schmeichelnd es ihm danken,
Daß sie nicht längst in des Gesetzes Haft.

Er ist ein Fels, berüchtigt durch sein Schwanken,
Ein Arzt, der stets, wo eine Wunde klafft,
Zu heilen sie verneint durch freches Zanken.

Doch lauk'res Gold ist er trotz aller Schwächen
Im Gegensatz zu seines Tickets Schwanz!
Sein Vicepräsident verleiht ihm Glanz,
Wenn glänzen kann der Frechste aller Frechen.

Er räsonnirt ob unsrer Zeit Gebrechen
Und heischt mit nie gesehn'ner Arroganz
Verdienstlos für sein Haupt den Bürgerkranz,
Statt ernster Thaten bietend lau Verbrechen.

Im Staat, den er berechtigt zu regieren,
Sieht straflos man die Mörder auf den Straßen
Mit einer Stirne auf und ab stolziren.

Den Staatshaushalt bespricht er aufgeblasen,
Und seine Untergebenen verlieren
Des Staates Geld im Spiel bekanntermaßen.

Als Renegat von der Unionspartei
Den Feinden der Regierung beigetreten,
Macht er der Rebellion Apologeten,
Erstickend der Gequälten Angstgeschrei.

Ein Freund politischer Windbeutelei
Weiß er zu ködern feile Lobtrompeten
Und schämt sich nicht, selbst frömmelnde Ascheten
An sich zu zieh'n durch Ketzerriecherei.

Ein Säufer, der es öffentlich muß schwören,
Im Amt nicht mehr betrunken sein zu wollen,
Glaubt er mit solchem Schwur uns zu bethören.

Von Selbstanbetung kläglich aufgeschwollen,
Sucht er, was Weiße bauten, zu zerstören,
Doch wird das Volk ihn heißen sich zu trollen.

Dem Fanatismus öffnend alle Thore,
Möcht' mit dem lästigen Alp der Religion
Belasten er die Constitution,
Die ihm erst dann erscheint im höchsten Flore.

Schon klatschten Beifall ihm die Matadore;
Heuchelei, die gern die Nation
Erneuern seh'n der Scheiterhaufen Loh'n,
Daß drauf des freien Geistes Ritter schmore.

Doch weiß das Volk, wer Freund ihm und wer Feind;
Umsonst ist all der Heuchler Wuthgewimmer,
Steh'n sie auch mit Rebellen fest vereint.

Umkränzt das Haupt nicht des Erfolges Schimmer;
Wenn erst der Tag der Wahl, der große scheint,
Ruft ihm das Volk zu: Nimmer! N i m m e r! **Nimmer!**

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